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OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

FIRST AND SECOND AMERICAN

TYLER FAMILY REUNION

1896 - 1897

Tyler Family Association

Chicago, Illinois

1897-1898

OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

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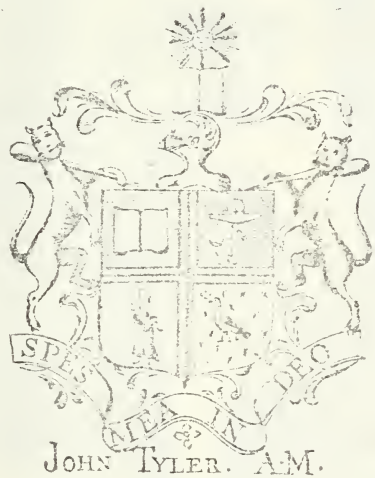
FIRST GENERAL

AMERICAN TYLER FAMILY

GATHERING



JOHN TYLER, A.M.

HELD AT

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

21st September, 1896.

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W. S. Tyler

OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

FIRST AMERICAN

Tyler Family Reunion

HELD AT

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1896

There is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY

WILLARD I. TYLER BRIGHAM, Esq.
Member New England Historic Genealogical Society,
Tyler Family Historian, Etc., Etc.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1897

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INTRODUCTORY.

For many years, the late Reverend William Tyler (son of Maj. Ebenezer, Capt. John, Ebenezer, Samuel, Job), of Auburndale, Mass., was an untiring pioneer in the cause of the Tyler family biography. Witness, briefly, his own sincere words, penned "13 Nov. 1866," in addressing a kinsman:

"I have spent time and money for years; and now, lacking less than 2 months of 78 years, I wish to finish the business and leave it in good shape for my survivors."

Alas, his dream, to "finish" and publish a Tyler family history, was never realized!

Among many generous thoughts, one very dear to him and long entertained, was some day to bring together members of the whole clan Tyler into a genuine family re-union.

Alas, also, the materialization of this happy vision was never in his lifetime seen!

In the fall of 1875, this venerable man was called from self-appointed earthly tasks. His loyal devotion to his brother-kinsmen reminds us of the heroic days of Damon and Pythias. His example and memory (involuntarily bequeathed) are perpetual benediction and inspiration to the living.

After long, long years of waiting, the Tyler reunion has in some measure and degree occurred. That its record may not perish, is sufficient excuse (is it not?) for this pamphlet. If, furthermore, it shall be destined to enthuse other kindred spirits, until a rallying slogan shall be heard on every side, inciting to promptly complete the collection and publication of priceless fast-vanishing legends of our beloved forefathers, then time shall have justified this humble effort.

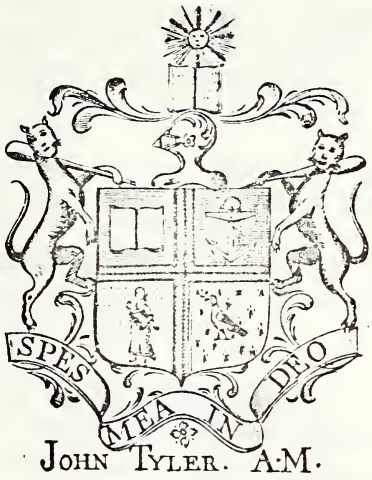
W. I. T. B.

Chicago, Ill., March, 1897.

PROGRAM

OF THE FIRST GENERAL

American Tyler Family Reunion.



Printed from the "book plate" procured in London by the Rev. John Tyler, Pastor of Christ Church, Norwich, Conn., from 1768-1823.

Held at North Andover Center, Mass.

(*In the Unitarian Church, organized in 1645, of which Moses, Hopestill and John Tyler, sons of Job 1st., were early communicants.*)

Wednesday, September Second, A. D. 1896.

Furnished by the kindness of Mrs. Sarah (Tyler) Wood.

MORNING SESSION.

Order called at 9:30 by Maj. Wm. N. Tyler, Malden, Mass.

Invocation by Rev. Charles Noyes, Unitarian pastor, North Andover, Mass.

Hymn, "America,"—all sing. (Composed in Andover over fifty years ago by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith.)

Welcome address by Chairman *pro tem.*

Permanent Chairman, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of "Cornell," called to chair.

Poem (composed for the occasion) by Miss Emily Lee Tyler, Anniston, Ala. Delivered by Miss Katherine Hopkins (elocutionist), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hymn (composed for the occasion) by Miss Irene Chaplin Tyler, Librarian of Howard University, Washington, D. C. Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

The tide of being bears us on
To new and better birth,
And life with life is linked to own
Our kinship with the earth:
The mystery of blood that binds
The father to his son
Is light and truth to willing minds,
For all mankind is one.

All life is one of many forms
The impulse sure and strong;
The inspiration of The Word,
And its unending song.
Through all the atoms of the world,
And circles of the sun,
There bides the answer to the prayer,
The universe is one.

Tyler historical article, by Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

The "Tyler Yell" of this part of the world is as follows:

"Abram, Isaac, Jacob, Job,
William, Joseph, Parker, Cob:
T-Y-L-E-R! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!"

NOON RECESS.

DINNER SESSION: 1 P. M.

"Feast of reason, and flow of soul."

Grace by Rev. Charles Parkhurst, Editor "Zion's Herald," Boston, Mass.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Letters of "regret" from some forced absentees:

Prof. Wm. S. Tyler, Amherst College, Mass.
Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Pres. William and Mary College.
Prof. Charles M. Tyler, Cornell (summering in Europe).
Hon. J. Hoge Tyler, ex-Lieut.-Gov. Virginia.
W. D. Tyler, Pres. Washington & Columbia River Railway, Walla Walla, Wash.; and others.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, Toastmaster.

"Job Tyler. Our patient ancestor, first of the name in America. At last we greet thee." A few inflictions in rhyme.

Charles Edmund Bartlett Tyler, Boston, Mass.

"My Grandfather. Dear old man; upright, honest and faithful; we all honor and love him."

Hon. James M. Tyler, Brattleboro, Vt. (a Justice of the Vermont Supreme Court).

"A Pine Tree. 'The groves were God's first temples.' Standing within our modern temples, we will strive to be worthy the sturdy oak, from whose primeval American trunk have sprung so many Tylers."

Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, Esq., Bangor, Me.

"Tyler Biology. 'We are of the stuff that dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded by a sleep.' "

Prof. John M. Tyler, Amherst College, Mass.

Song, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." (The *original* "Mary" was named *Tyler. Fact.*)

"Tyler Family History, by Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Esq."

Response by the author.

"Philosophy of Intermarriage. 'And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him.' "

Wm. H. Tyler Phillips, Esq., Pittsfield, Mass.

"A Taste of the Nutmegs." (Being a family reunion, no "wooden" ones will pass.)

Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., Middletown, Conn.

Benediction by Rev. George Leon Walker, Hartford, Conn.

VISITATIONS.

After the Dinner Session, there are places of interest to be visited in North Andover and vicinity. Among the places of especial interest to Tylers are:

1. Bradstreet House. One of the most conspicuous dwellings of Massachusetts Bay Colony. To this home from Ipswich, about 1643, moved Simon Bradstreet, ten years Governor of Massachusetts Bay under its first and second charters, being 89 years of age when he vacated the gubernatorial chair. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Dudley, four times Governor of the Colony. Anne, who died here, was the very first American poetess. From her are descended such literary lights as Dr. O. W. Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Richard H. Dana and Dr. Channing.

Job Tyler (son of Moses, son of Job, the immigrant) married Margaret, a granddaughter of Gov. Bradstreet; by whom he had a goodly family, whose descendants are now numerous.

2. Moses Tyler's Grave. This eldest son of Job, the immigrant, is buried in the old North Andover Cemetery; his headstone being of the old thickly-hewn slate stone, remarkably preserved, and legible as follows:

> "Here lyes buried ye body of Mr. Moses Tyler who died October ye 2nd, 1727 & in the 86 year of his age."

Moses had the extraordinary number of eleven sons, from whom are descended more than half of the members of this (Job's) line. Probably a majority of those attending this meeting trace back to Moses, for his descendants settled over a goodly part of Essex County, Mass.

3. Capt. John Tyler's Home. (Sea) Capt. John Tyler (son of Moses, son of Job, the immigrant) spent his later years in what is now West Boxford, about three miles from the place of meeting. A part of the old rooftree and the fireplace, practically as he built it about two hundred years ago, are still standing, upon one of the finest old homesteads of the vicinity. It is yet in the possession of lineal descendants, Mr. John Tyler Wood and Miss Rebecca Tyler Wood, who will welcome visitors.

N. B. The first two places will be visited on foot, under guidance of those "to the manor born." Those desiring to make the drive to Capt. John's will kindly leave their names in advance with the Secretary; for whom, at a nominal charge, a barge will be provided to and from.

MORNING SESSION.

On Wednesday, September second, 1896, in acceptance of invitations issued by W. I. Tyler Brigham, of Chicago, Illinois, there assembled at North Andover Center, Mass., members of the Tyler kindred, representing Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, District of Columbia, Ohio and Illinois.

Very appropriately the gathering was called to the old North Parish Church (which the year before had celebrated its 250th anniversary), where Job Tyler (seemingly first by the name in New England), anciently paid "minister's rates," and where his sons, Moses, Hopestill and John, were early communicants.*

The meeting was called to order about 9:30 A. M., by Chairman *pro tem*, Major William N. Tyler (son of John, Parker, Abraham, Job, Job, Moses, Job), of Malden (and Wakefield), Mass.

After an impressive invocation by Rev. Charles Noyes, local pastor, the congregation (accompanied by mellow tones from the organ, under the skilled hands of Miss Ellie Mabel Tyler, of Wakefield, Mass.) united in singing that grand old hymn, "America," composed in that very town about a half-century previous.

The Chairman then extended cordial welcome to the reunited kindred as follows:

My dearest and most cherished kindred and associates: This is a red letter day in the genealogy of the Tyler family.

Through the inspiring and ever-continuing ties of blood relationship, we are here assembled together for the first time in the history of our family through many generations; and, unlike the formality of select, or even promiscuous assemblages, we come, drawn by those irresistible and most affectionate ties, the bonds of a common ancestry.

Appropriately and instinctively, also, we gather in *this place*, bearing the initial footprints of our first ancestor, Job, who, as tradition informs us, was *found here* by the early settlers, "monarch of all he surveyed."

---

*The fact that Job was a supporter of the gospel, is at least *doubly* proven by records at Salem, Mass. In 1662, when Job (and wife) deeded to one Thomas Abbott certain lands, a part of the consideration was that "said Abbott was to pay to the minister six shillings by ye year, soe long as this way of rating remaynes." Again, the same year, when "George Abbott, taylor," was the grantee of "house, land, orchard, fences, etc.," owned by Job, "ye said Abbott is to pay unto ye minister four shillings by ye year so long as this waie of rating remayne."

In the list of communicants of said, the First Church of Andover, we find in 1686, Col. Dudley Bradstreet, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, Moses and Prudence (Blake) Tyler (who died while members), Hopestill Tyler (who removed to the South Parish, and later to Preston, Conn.), John and Hannah Tyler (who removed to Mendon, Mass.): and in later years follow baptisms, marriages and communions of numbers of the descendants of Moses, who was the only son of Job who never removed from this neighborhood.

And it has been deemed fitting that "one to the manor born," should extend to this fraternal home-gathering, the warm welcome of our old homestead. And because *Andover* is my birthplace, the home of my father and our common ancestry, I am delegated to extend to you the welcoming hand. From the West, the South, the East and the North, at the call of this thanksgiving service, you have come, like the long-absent child, to embrace once again the dear old mother from whose home long years before you had gone at the call of duty, with her benediction and her blessing.

Your thoughts have traversed the past through long generations to the single representative of our family who first trod the wilds of this new country; and from that time through succeeding generations, you have woven the romance of tradition and history down to the present time, until your whole being has thrilled in joyous anticipation of the consummation of a long cherished hope of uniting under one common rooftree the diversely multiplied descendants of our original household.

And in this spirit, gathered here in the home of our ancestors, treading the paths familiar to their footsteps, assembling within the precincts of their hallowed shrine, consecrated to liberty and country, we throw about you the arms of affectionate welcome. Our doors are open wide for your welcome coming, and the hospitalities of the house are freely yours. Gather by the fireside and about the old hearthstone, and, warmed by the eloquence of a past and present glorious reunion, let the spirits flow in glad and uninterrupted intercourse and association; and while the blood of our fathers warms and tingles in our veins and fires the heart, let joy and thanksgiving round the pleasures of our reunited and happy family gathering, and *mark the epoch of a new and ardent fellowship in the Tyler family.*

As the murmurs of approval died away, Professor Moses Coit Tyler (son of Capt. Elisha, Col. Moses, Elisha, Capt. Moses, Capt. James, Hopestill, Job), of Cornell University, who had kindly accepted to act as permanent Chairman, was called to the stand, whose duties he was about to assume with such satisfaction to the audience, in accepting which he spoke in meaningful words.

Mr. Bennett Tyler Gale (grandson of Pres. Bennett Tyler, son of James, Daniel, Samuel, George), of Lee, Mass., having been appointed to act as Secretary of the meeting; Miss Blanche Chadwick, of West Boxford, Mass., then delivered the poem composed for the occasion by Miss Emily Lee Tyler, Anniston, Alabama, who was not able to be in attendance. (Miss Katherine Hopkins, elocutionist, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was down on the program as reader, was unavoidably detained away.)

TYLER.

1640———1896.

The North and the South are met to-day,
The East and the West are here.
From the grassy lanes and the city streets
We are gathered from far and near.

In the place where the hardy men of yore
Struggled, and lived, and died,
And forged the record they handed down
To us, to revere and pride.

On its slender trunk the palm tree shows
The stem whence each leaf has sprung;
From the one whose wrappings were burst to-day,
To the one that withered and fell away
Long past, when the tree was young.

'Tis nature's record which standeth there,
And not for the tree alone;
Let the man take heed, for the child must reap
As the father first hath sown.

Our lives are not for ourselves alone:
They are part of the legacy
That we from the past to the future give,
For the men who are yet to be.

Each life by itself is a mystic screed,
One page from a volume vast;
But writ in a tongue that we cannot read,
With a meaning we may not grasp.

Yet sometimes, conning the volumes o'er,
Lo, the meaning flashes plain,
Of life and love, and of death and ill,
Of sorrow, and joy, and pain.

And it's writ, that the good which a man may do
Is never to pass away.
Are our sins less strong, must they too endure,
Increasing from day to day?

Humanity carries a heavy chain,
It was forged as the world begun.
Each wrong that we do binds a link anew
On the myriads yet to come.

On us, the burden is light to bear,
For God-fearing upright men
Were our ancestors; and they did for us
As they willed we should do again.

We've a right to be proud of our Tyler name;
It is honest, and clean, and true;
And those who would live as their fathers lived
Must hold it forever so.

So a health to the good old Tylers now,
And a cheer for the good old name:
And the toast I give, is that we may live
As they did, without fear or shame.

Then followed the congregational rendering, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," of the hymn composed especially by Miss Irene Chaplin Tyler (daughter of George, Caleb, Jacob, Abraham, Job, Job, Moses, Job), of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

The tide of being bears us on
To new and better birth.
And life with life is linked to own
Our kinship with the earth:
The mystery of blood that binds
The father to his son
Is light and truth to willing minds,
For all mankind is one.

All life is one, of many forms
The impulse sure and strong:
The inspiration of The Word,
And its unending song,
Through all the atoms of the world,
And circles of the sun,
There bides the answer to the prayer,
The universe is one.

Upon suggeston by the Chair, the meeting then proceeded to consider the matter of perfecting a permanent organization; and it was decided that the chair should appoint a committee of three to prepare and submit later in the day a constitution.

The Chair appointed as such committee:

Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., Middletown, Conn.
Major William N. Tyler, Wakefield, Mass.
Major Loren S. Tyler, Salem, Mass.

An historical article, prepared by Willard I. Tyler Brigham (son of Laura Elvira Tyler, daughter of Merrill, son of Job, Jonathan, William, Job, Moses, Job), of Chicago, was then read by its author.

THE TYLER FAMILY.

Some Bible scholars say, Adam, the first man, was born 4,000 years before Christ. They are silent about the time when the first Tyler saw created day. Evidences at hand warrant the belief it was not more recent than 1,000 A. D. A trivial difference of 5,000 years does not cut much figure in the history of a world. Besides, things done in the earlier period should be considered nothing, compared with the glorious achievements of the last past 1,000 years; in which later doings, surely, the Tylers have "had a hand," many of them.

Could we supply a few "missing links," it would be possible to run the Tyler pedigree directly back to Adam. Otherwise, the Tylers are a "special

creation." Indeed, considering their illustrious characteristics, such an origin is not improbable.

The science of names of nations, clans, families and individuals is a strangely fascinating study. Even Adam and Eve, the first pair, were not unnamed. So you can readily see, when the children and grandchildren began to arrive, until, say, the tenth generation (which represents the length of time Tylers have been in America), it became necessary for a person to have not simply a name, but a "handle to it."

Just when this custom became universal cannot be decided. But would we be far wrong, should we suppose the Tower of Babel, with its mortification of speech, gave quite an impetus to the habit of christenings? (Perhaps that's why so many nowadays are called "hard names.")

Names are said to have been first suggested by variety of personal appearance, peculiar characteristics, strange experiences, etc., etc., of which there is ample proof. For instance, our American Indians (what's left of them) follow to this day similar custom. Thus "Out West" we hear of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Eagle Eye, and other noted chieftains.

Occupations have given rise to family names; witness the number of Smiths to prove it (not to mention Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, who are usually Jews, because in the Middle Ages they had the handling of most of the gold and silver). Therefore, along this line of thought, it has been intimated that "once on a time" there lived a certain person, and that person was so very expert in laying tiles, that they called him, for short, *Tiler*, *the* tiler. And he, having the good fortune to leave a posterity, transmitted this well-earned cognomen to children and grandchildren. The custom, once established, kept on, until, as I am informed, in certain parts of Essex County, Mass., it is not uncommon for strangers to enquire, "Was not your *first* Tyler named Adam?"

All trees have branches. As we cannot expect at so late a day to search out and claim this first skillful artisan called "*The* Tiler," we must try to find what branch of Tylers we belong to.

The name Tyler is usually considered English. But for all that, probably it was born "on the Continent;" likely in France, which country especially felt the throes of expiring Roman civilization, as well as awakening thrills of its surviving conqueror, Gothic. There is early record of an hereditary domain in France, called "*Castellum de Tillieres*," a name suggesting that of our own family. And it has further been thought out, that some descendant of that house was with William the Conqueror when he went into England with his army in the year 1066; and that it is his name we see spelled "*Le Sire de Tilly*," or Lord Tyler, as preserved on the Roll of Battle Abbey, that historic church founded after the Conqueror's decisive Battle of Hastings. Some persons in America have almost claimed to be descended from this person. It *may* be so; at present it is conjectural. "Castles in Spain" may be maintained without expenditures for taxes and servants.

Howbeit, it is certain, from time immemorial, there have been in various parts of Great Britain families bearing the name Tyler, or its equivalent, spelled in a dozen different forms. In Burke's Armory are recorded no less than eight Tyler coats of arms, evidence seemingly conclusive that numerous branches became prominent and hobnobbed with nobility. Such aristocrats are, or have been, seated, among other places, at Monmouth, at Lynsted Lodge, Kent County, and at Pembridge, County Hereford, in England. Of this

last line, probably, came the distinguished ecclesiast, John Tyler, Dean of Hereford in 1692, who was Bishop of Llandaff from 1704-24.

Newton Limirady, Londonderry, Ireland, is also on the list. The leading modern branch seems to be seated at Cottrell, County Clamorgan, Wales. For the past hundred years and over Tylers have sprung therefrom conspicuous in the English army and navy, their crowning glory being Sir Charles Tyler, Admiral, and Commander of the Tonnant, 80 guns, at the Battle of Trafalgar. There was a Tyler in Parliament as early as 1311. Many have been scholars, and the writer has a list of thirty-one graduated at Oxford College. Major Tyler was in 1840 Acting Governor of the British colony Barbadoes; in recent years Sir Henry Whatley Tyler was President of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Not all have been noted for servile obedience to sovereign commands. Wat Tyler (I know not whether his name be truth or fiction) started the famous insurrection against his king, Richard II., thereby giving wholesome inspiration to the developing liberties of the English common people. It was the humor of our late President, John Tyler, that he drew his origin from such author.

There are Tylers in America. The typical Tyler of New England is stout and strong, an American John Bull, strong in his convictions, stout in enforcing them. They are apt to accumulate flesh, brains and money, and as a rule, frank and scrupulously honest. They wear well into advanced years; eighty and over is a common age. One has been for over half a century prominently identified with a leading American college. One of the distinguished citizens of Brattleboro, Vt., is a Judge Tyler, past eighty-four, and an incumbent of the bench for more than fifty consecutive years. The other day, at Salem, Mass., (a city noted for witches: they had them in our family, it was claimed, at one time, but they never proved it), one of our kinsmen, born in this very town, (North Andover, Mass.) celebrated his ninetieth birthday, still comfortably sound in body and mind.

Down in Haddam, Conn., was an entire family of seven Tylers, whose ages averaged eighty-two and a-half years. A most conspicuous example of combined longevity and procreativeness was Daniel Tyler (son of Daniel, son of Hopestill, son of Job of Andover), who was born at Groton, Conn., 22 Feb. 1701, and died at Brooklyn, Conn., 20 Feb. 1802, *æ.* 100 yrs., 11 mos., 26 dys. He married three times and had twenty-one children. At the time of his death, there were living six children, 50 grandchildren and 120 great-grandchildren. For many years he was, if not the head, at least one of the shoulders of eastern Connecticut.

There have been American Tylers in all degrees, from common day laborers up to the highest position, President of the United States. Surely he who would essay to speak of Tyler annals need not complain for lack of material, which is of such abundance and variety that one may rather ponder how may it all be collected and assigned proper place.

Tylers have scattered all over our country; in every state we find them exemplifying all respectable trades, and every honorable profession. The handicraftsman and the inventor, owners of submarine cables, developers of mines, clearers of forests, grazing their cattle upon a thousand hills, turning spindles in a thousand mills, directors of banks and stupendous corporations, state representatives and Members of Congress, leaders of the press, presidents and professors of colleges, bishops of dioceses, governors of states, captains of mer-

chant ships, commanders of naval vessels, valorous and victorious on land in every rank, from private to general, in every war from the Colonial French and Indian strifes of primal days.

More than a dozen *early* Tylers settled within the United States. Not all of them, however, have surviving descendants; from about half of the number most of the myriads have sprung. Of those whom we may at this time dismiss with shortest reference were:

(1). Abraham Tyler, at Haverhill, Mass., about 1640; had three children, all of whom died young. He died in 1673, and his line became extinct.

(2). Nathaniel Tyler was at Lynn, Mass., about 1640; he made his will (1652) before starting out on a long sea voyage, wherein is mentioned a son in Shrewsbury, England. There is present doubt about his destination. Some opine that he returned to England, while others think that the Branford, Conn., branch of Tylers are sprung from him, and that the voyage he took was either to Long Island or Connecticut.

(3). Roger Tyler was in Connecticut by 1650; probably had a son Roger, Jr., who died at Wallingford, Conn., seemingly without issue, and *as far as known*, the family became extinct, though some claim him for progenitor of the Connecticut line.

(4). John Tyler, shopkeeper, Charlestown, Mass., had a son John, born in 1696. The father died in Carolina; if there are latter-day descendants, they are thus far untraced.

(5). Thomas Tyler, of Boston, Mass., had a son Samuel, born in 1657. No grandchildren have yet been found.

(6). William Tyler, of Boston, Mass., came from London on the first vessel which sailed after the close of the American Revolution. He was a ropemaker; his descendants are believed to be not numerous.

(7). William Tyler was at Salem, N. J., about 1688, a Quaker. His line seems not to be very distinguished or numerous, but a quiet, respectable class of citizens. His descendants are principally confined to the state of New Jersey and bordering Pennsylvania.

(8). A Maryland *Tylor* family, Quakers, date from about 1750. They are probably a distinct race, for there are many English *Tylors*, which may be of anterior common origin with the *Tylers*.

Of those lines having descendants known to have figured most conspicuously in the history of our country, are the following:

(1). Job Tyler, the Andover, Mass., line.
(2). Capt. Thomas Tyler, the Boston line.
(3). The Branford and Wallingford, Connecticut, lines.
(4). The Virginia and Maryland lines.*

Of each of these kindly grant me the time to speak but briefly.

First. Job Tyler was born in England about 1621; probably died at Andover, Mass., about 1700. His descendants are seemingly most numerous of all, with corresponding numbers upon the roll of honor. Likely three-fourths of those here to-day are of his house; quite naturally, too, for we have come down into the very heart of his domain. His vitality descended to his sons, of whom he had four: Moses, Hopestill, John and Samuel.

---

*To these must be added John Tyler, at Gloucester, Mass., 1719 (who turns out to be the founder of a distinct American branch).

Moses lived to be eighty-five, as per the legend in old North Andover cemetery. He had eleven sons; the second eldest, Capt. John, lived about three miles from here, in West Boxford. We should visit his old home, a part of which was built by his hands something like 200 years ago. It has lineally descended, and at present in the hospitable hands of Mr. John and Miss Rebecca Tyler Wood, whose mother was a Tyler. Most of the Tylers in Essex County are Moses' descendants, and I think a good half of Job's descendants trace through his son Moses.

Hopestill Tyler lived to eighty-eight. He moved to Preston, Conn., whereabouts some of his descendants made distinguished history. At least four of his sons have been found, who left numerous posterity in eastern Connecticut and Massachusetts.

John Tyler lived to eighty-nine; he moved to Mendon, Mass., and had five sons, four of whom had issue.

Samuel Tyler was the short-lived son, dying at forty; but he left two good sons, both of whom left families. Mendon and Attleboro (sometimes printed *Br*attleboro, which is, of course, an error), Mass., were the early seats of this line.

By the year 1710, Job's line had produced between 40 and 50 male descendants, thus making a numerous early start.

Second. In Voluntown and Preston, Conn., and Portsmouth, R. I., we find record of an early John Tyler family. He died in 1700, leaving one son, Lazarus, who left sons. This family did not get well started before 1700, and is not believed to be very numerous. There are reasons why I am at present inclined to believe this John and Job of Andover were brothers.

Third. Thomas Tyler, Sea Captain, from Budleigh, England, was at Boston about 1685. He and his eldest son, Thomas, Jr., were in 1703 taken by a Barbary pirate vessel. Large ransoms were offered, but their fate remains a mystery. He left three sons, who had issue. While not so numerous as some of the other lines, taken altogether, it is usually thought the most aristocratic of our northern lines. Two of Thomas' sons had a coat of arms granted while we were under British rule. Nevertheless, these were loyal Americans. Royall Tyler, notwithstanding his given name, was one of Boston's most active agitators against the mother country, a worthy coadjutor of John Adams. Among his distinguished sons, Royall, Jr., has the unique honor of writing the first American comedy produced by an American company.

Fourth. William Tyler took the oath of fidelity at New Haven, Conn., in 1657; removed to Milford, Conn., where he married and had three sons. One died unmarried at Derby. The other two, William, Jr., and John, early removed to Wallingford, Conn., where they had numerous descendants, and so I have very naturally fallen into the habit of calling this the Wallingford branch. The most conspicuous founder of a colony sent out by this line made history at Claremont, New Hampshire, where as inventors and mill-builders Tylers have been conspicuous for generations.

Fifth. Branford, Conn., in point of numbers, will probably be found to follow Job's line most closely. Also it may be discovered that it to the Wallingford line is very closely related. Four male Tylers were at Branford quite early: Charles, Peter, Francis and George by name; all probably brothers, the last three are known to have been.

Charles, born at Branford in 1657, youngest of the four, had but one son who had issue, Bezaleel, a unique name, which has done excellent service in

tracing some of his descendants. As the son moved early to Sharon, Conn., it might be called the Sharon line. Although not numerous prior to 1750, we may expect startling discoveries later on; for one, Bezaleel, Jr., is credited with having had 22 children.

Peter was most conspicuous of the brothers, having been repeatedly sent as deputy to the General Assembly. He had five sons, the families of four of whom are determined, together with sufficient descendants, to induce belief it is most numerous of the Branford lines.

George and descendants seem to have vied with Peter and his, both in numbers and pertinacity with which they have clung to Branford and neighboring places, such as Northford, Guilford, New Haven and Tyler City. (No wonder they like the last! When you are in "Tyler," do as the Tylers do.)

Francis had but one son, Nathaniel, who left descendants; and as he removed to Haddam, where have ever since been those who bore his stamp, we may call this the Haddam line. Its early patriarchs were seafaring men and shipbuilders; of Nathaniel's sons, one, Simon, had seven sons, all of whom were sea captains.

Sixth. The Maryland line seems to have started with Robert Tyler, whose will was probated in 1738. It would not be surprising to later learn, he was originally from Virginia.

Seventh. The Virginia lines are four or more in number, as Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, has within the past year informed us. Most conspicuous is the line of Henry Tyler, traditionally (like Job), from Shropshire, England, who had a large grant at Williamsburg, Va., as early as 1652. A part of this was later selected for the site of the Governor's palace. This is one of the "F. F. Vs.," having won distinguished laurels in state and national sense; furnished conspicuous incumbents of state and federal courts, its own state governor and lieutenant-governor, as well as President of the United States.

In this article, introductory to themes of great magnitude, only superficial treatment can be given. In future times I hope to have the pleasure of descanting upon individual Tyler lines, data for which is coming in abundantly in the preparation of the Tyler Family History. Being able at present to place not less than 5,000 Tylers, I think you will rejoice that we are soon to have a published family record. Eventually, more than 25,000 names are expected, which will be placed in three volumes when ready for press. Nearly enough for a first is already collected, and its preparation anticipated in the near future.

As illustrating frequent pleasant surprises, mark an instance or two: Prof. Charles N. Tyler, of Cornell (who would be with us to-day, but for a previous engagement calling him to Europe), knew but little of his ancestry, and had talked with Prof. Moses Coit Tyler of the same institution trying to get light. Not long since, I had the pleasure of showing him, he is in the seventh generation from Job Tyler; tracing, through several generations in Maine, by way of James Tyler, son of Moses, who about 1716 went to Scarborough, Me.

Another case is that of William D. Tyler; self-made man, one of the leading citizens of the Pacific northwest, where, at Tacoma and Walla Walla, he is, or has been, president of railways, president of Puget Sound University, vice-president of Washington College, hotel manager, director in coal companies, theaters, etc., etc., I know not what all; a sort of a local nabob, you see, only with the Tyler American spirit dominating it all. Well, a few months ago

circumstances had been such, he knew positively not farther back than his grand parentage. With much satisfaction the writer determined that he descended through Bezaleel Tyler from Sharon and Branford, Connecticut.

So, having got you safely to the Pacific slope, I shall for the present bid you an affectionate adieu.

The Committee upon a Constitution then reported back to the house a Constitution agreed upon, which, after some debate, was adopted by the meeting as a permanent guide and fundamental compact:

CONSTITUTION.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, Proud of our lineage, in order that we may more closely cement sacred kindred ties, and that we may, in all honorable ways within our power, assist in completing for publication the records of the American Tyler families, a work which has been already for some time earnestly undertaken by our kinsman, Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Esq., do hereby pledge our united efforts towards the success of a society to be known as THE TYLER FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

Dated (at the home of our forefathers), North Andover, Mass.,
Wednesday, September Second, 1896.

MEETINGS.

Meetings of the Tyler Family Association may be held yearly; and it shall be the duty of those present at each gathering to determine the time and place of the meeting next following. Only members of the Association shall be entitled to vote in the meetings.

EXERCISES.

The ORDER OF EXERCISES for the day shall be divided into MORNING, DINNER and VISITATION sessions, substantially as follows:

Morning Session. The place of meeting shall be open and ready for informal session by 8:30 o'clock A. M. Formal session shall be called at 9:30 o'clock:

1. Divine Blessing.
2. Hymn.
3. President's Welcome.
4. Abridged Report of Last Meeting.
5. Music.
6. Historian's Article.
7. Poem.
8. Business Session: including secretary's report, election of officers (every second year only), selection of time and place of next gathering; together with any new or unfinished business whatsoever which may arise or be brought up.
9. Music.

NOON INTERMISSION.

Dinner Session at 1 o'clock P. M.

1. Divine Grace.
2. Dinner.
3. Letters of Regret.
4. Toastmaster's Address.

5. Responses to Toasts. (In which let care be observed, that the number or length of the same do not grow tedious; making also reasonable allowance for such impromptu remarks or from distinguished attendants upon the meetings as may not have been anticipated in the formal arrangements.)

6. Music. (Which also may be introduced with good effect during the dinner service.)

7. President's Final Remarks.

8. Benediction.

Visitations.

The Dinner Session should finish its exercises and adjourn by 3:30 o'clock or 4 P. M., that pilgrimages may be made to places of Tyler family interest in the neighborhoods where meetings may chance to be convened.

OFFICERS.

The officers of this organization shall be determined by *viva voce* vote of its members at every second meeting, and shall be as follows: (1) A President, (2) Five Vice-Presidents, (3) Five Patriarchs, (4) Five Patriarchesses, (5) Five Patrons, (6) Five Patronesses, (7) A Treasurer, (8) A Secretary, (9) An Assistant Secretary, (10) and an Historian.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

President. The President shall have precedence as presiding officer at all meetings of the association, which shall be conducted under such rules as are generally in use in deliberative bodies. In case of conflict, Robert's Rules of Order shall decide all disputed points.

Vice-Presidents. The Vice-Presidents, in their respective order, shall take precedence in presiding at such meetings as the President may not attend, or at such times as the President may request.

Patriarchs and Patriarchesses. No male or female shall be eligible to this dignity who shall not have attained the age of eighty years. The office is intended to be purely honorary; but out of deference to those of so great seniority, it shall be the duty of members of this association to listen with the greatest respect to what its members may say, and to weigh well their counsels before taking any vital step in the annals of this organization.

Patrons and Patronesses. The functions of this body are to act as a general committee of reception at all meetings during social sessions, and to aid voluntarily or upon request towards the successful furtherance of preparations for each succeeding meeting.

Treasurer. The Treasurer shall receive all monies coming to this association; and may disburse the same upon receipt of voucher from Secretary, which shall be kept as a receipt for payment, the receipt of the payee being also obtained. He shall prepare and deliver to the Secretary an annual accounting, to be incorporated in the Annual Report to be rendered this society.

Secretary. The Secretary shall perform the duties usually incumbent upon such an officer; shall see that a toastmaster and poem are provided for each gathering; shall have authority to disburse funds from the treasury as need for the same may arise, either in connection with meetings or in furtherance of researches for the Tyler Family History, and shall render an Annual Report to this society.

Assistant Secretary. He shall take and keep the minutes of all meetings of the association, to be transcribed into a proper book for permanent preserva-

tion; shall prepare and keep a Registry Book, wherein it shall be the duty of all attendants at each meeting to note their name and address; and shall perform such other services as the Secretary may delegate to him.

Historian. He shall prepare a paper upon some theme of general Tyler family interest for each regular meeting; shall notice the demise of members of this association, as well as of all distinguished Tylers wheresoever occurring; and may prepare and present for adoption by this association such resolutions as may seem fitting.

AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended at any regular meeting by a four-fifths vote of the members present.

MEMBERS.

Any person may become a member of the Tyler Family Association by paying a membership fee of one dollar. On years subsequent to joining, all members are expected to pay an annual due of one dollar; but any person paying at one time the sum of five dollars shall become a life member, and not subject to further dues.

It was then decided to hold the next reunion in the city of New Haven, Connecticut, upon the last Wednesday of August (the 25th), 1897.

The Committee upon Constitution, to expedite organization, also reported back a list of officers to act for the first term of the Association existence, which was unanimously adopted, and the officers declared elected, as follows:

OFFICERS.

President:	Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, Cornell University, N. Y.
Vice-Presidents:	Lyon G. Tyler, Pres. William & Mary College, Va.
	Hon. James M. Tyler, Brattleboro, Vt.
	Hon. Tyler Westgate, Haverhill, N. H.
	Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, Bangor, Me.
	Henry P. Tyler, Haverhill, Mass.
Patriarchs:	Prof. William S. Tyler, Amherst College, Mass.
	*Hon. Royall Tyler, Brattleboro, Vt.
	†Moses Coburn Tyler, Esq., Salem, Mass.
	‡John Tyler, Esq., Claremont, N. H.
	Daniel Tyler, Esq., Beaver, Utah.
Patriarchesses:	Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, Washington, D. C.
	Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler Kimball, Bradford, Mass.
	Mrs. Harriet Tyler Cone, Tylerville, Conn.
	Mrs. Alma Tyler Eaton, Harvard, Mass.
	Mrs. Sally Tyler Robinson, Lynn, Mass.
Patrons:	Maj. Loren S. Tyler, Salem, Mass.
	Hon. W. D. Tyler, Walla Walla, Washington.
	Hon. C. W. Tyler, Clarksville, Tenn.
	Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., Middletown, Conn.
	Dr. Nathan P. Tyler, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Patronesses: Mrs. Charles P. Clark, New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. R. P. Lincoln, New York City.
Mrs. Artemas S. Tyler, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. E. O. Tyler Olcott, Norwich, Conn.
Miss Rebecca Tyler Wood, West Boxford, Mass.

Treasurer: Mrs. Larissa C. Ladd, West Boxford, Mass.

Secretary and Historian: Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Assistant Secretary: Bennet Tyler Gale, Lee, Mass.

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*Hon. Royall Tyler (son of Hon. Royall Tyler, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont, a son of Royall, son of William, son of Capt. Thomas Tyler, from Budleigh, Devonshire, England, founder of the *old* Boston Tyler branch about 1680) was born at Brattleboro, Vt., 19 April, 1812, where he passed away white with honors October 28, 1896. He was the last survivor of a family of eleven children, among his brothers being the distinguished Revs. Edward, Joseph, George and Thomas Tyler, as well as the Boston merchant prince, Gen. John Steele Tyler.

Judge Tyler fitted at Phillip Exeter Academy, entered Harvard as a sophomore, and graduated in 1834. (He had lost some years clerking in an elder brother's store.) He studied law with Hon. Charles C. Loring, a leading attorney of Boston, where he was admitted to the bar in 1837. He was admitted to the Windham County (Vt.) bar on his Massachusetts certificate. At his boyhood home for a short time he was a member of the firm of Keyes & Tyler, removing to Newfane (Vt.) to take charge of the business of Charles K. Field, Esq., during his Western absence. At this time he was elected state's attorney for the county, and in 1844 appointed register of probate. In 1846 he was elected (by the legislature) judge of probate for the District of Marlboro; in 1851 he was appointed county clerk; both of these latter offices were honored by his incumbency up to the time of his death.

Judge Tyler married April 29, 1840, Laura B. Keyes, a daughter of his former law partner, by whom he had three daughters, two only of whom grew to maturity, and became the wives of Commander Allan D. Brown, U. S. N., and George Willard Platt, Great Barrington, Mass. Both of these have children to bear on the blood, but not, alas, the name of clan Tyler.

His very superior mental endowments and exceptional legal attainments never won the goal they would nobly have dignified. Never grasping for position, he promptly adapted himself to the duties first at hand, in which his natural habit of application so deeply seated him that he never sought for change. In the words of eulogium delivered at the bar, "Everybody, whether high or low, rich or poor, could approach him, confident of being fairly dealt with and kindly treated. To be of service to his fellowmen and to do good in the world, were prominent among his many good qualities." Judge Tyler was buried from St. Michael's Episcopal Church in Brattleboro, of which he was a founder and for many years senior warden.

†Moses Coburn Tyler (a son of Parker, son of Abraham, son of Job, son of Job, son of Moses, son of Job Tyler, an English immigrant at Andover, Mass., 1640, where he was found by the first settlers, "monarch of all he surveyed") was born at North (i. e. *old*) Andover, Mass., May 7, 1805; he "went to his reward" from Salem, Mass., January 31, 1897, in his ninety-second year, thus calling conspicuous attention to a characteristic for which his race is noted, longevity.

According to the custom of the days of his youth, he was put to learn a trade, that of shoemaking, which he followed with successful profit to the time of his retirement, in 1864. His first vote was cast for John Quincy Adams in 1828, and he voted for every Whig and Republican President from that time forward, down to and including McKinley. His grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, from the very first gun at Concord and Lexington, while he himself served as sergeant in the historic North Andover military company, whose annals include service in the Revolution and the War of 1812.

He was visited by the writer a few months previous to his decease, and although blind, deaf and somewhat halt, his mind was wonderfully clear and active, and on pleasant days he was in the habit of walking out.

He married in 1829 Susan W. Baldwin, of Billerica, Mass., and moved to Salem in 1842, where he ever after dwelt, living to become her most venerable resident. Their union was blessed by five children, of whom four, George, William, Lydia and Louise, survive their parents.

Upon suggestion from the Chair, the meeting then took a recess for thirty minutes, to enable those who wished to register their names as being in attendance, also to join the Association.

PARTIAL REGISTRATION LIST.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, Ithaca, N. Y.
Prof. Henry M. Tyler, Northampton, Mass.
Prof. John M. Tyler, Amherst, Mass.
Prof. and Mrs. Egbert C. Smyth, Andover, Mass.
Prof. and Mrs. Edward Y. Hincks, Andover, Mass.
Hon. Moses Tyler Stevens, " "
Rev. Charles Noyes, " "
Hon. and Mrs. James P. Baxter, Portland, Me.
Caroline Tyler Clark, New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. J. Ellery Tyler, Northampton, Mass.
Miss Frances M. Tyler, Newark, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. Artemas Tyler, Lowell, Mass.
Major and Mrs. Loren S. Tyler, Salem, Mass.
Miss Louise F. Tyler, Salem, Mass.
Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., Middletown, Conn.

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‡ John Tyler (a son of John, son of Col. Benjamin, son of John, son of John, son of William Tyler, traditionally from Devonshire, England, who was at New Haven, Conn., where he took the "oath of fidelity" April 7, 1657, but later removing to Milford, Conn., where he died) was born at Claremont, N. H., March 26, 1818, in which native village he drew his last breath on the 28th November, 1896.

He inherited marked mechanical genius from a long line of practical mechanics. The second American generation of his Tyler branch settled at Wallingford, Conn., where as millers they were conspicuous in that part of the town long known as "Tyler's Mills," now Yalesville, owning for generations the original mill built in that town. The grandfather of the subject of this sketch, Col. Benjamin Tyler, came from Wallingford in 1767, bringing his family up the Connecticut River on the ice in a sled. He built the first dam in the town, acquired most of the mill privileges along the course of Sugar River, invented a water wheel, built mills, and was altogether the most sterling man in the first generation of the history of Claremont.

The father of the subject of this sketch, John Tyler, with two brothers, followed worthily in the footprints of their father, adding new inventions in the milling craft, and buying half of old Ascutney Mountain (just across the river in Vermont), wherefrom they quarried mill-stones, with which they supplied the States and Canada for years.

The subject of this sketch was apprenticed for seven years to learn the trade of millwright at Barre, Vt., where he after served for eight years as foreman in the same shop. Then removing to Lebanon, N. H., for several years, he did a large business building mills. He took up permanent abode in Claremont in 1872, where he was superintendent and engineer in building the Sugar River Paper Mill, of which he was president and principal stockholder. In 1856 he patented the iron Tyler turbine wheel, the first iron wheel made, upon which he secured later patents for improvements, and which are now in general use all over the country. He was also patentee of a copper cylinder washer for paper stock. In 1872 he built the Bible Hill aqueduct, to supply the village with pure water. He was a principal stockholder in the hotel and boats at Sunapee Lake, a staunch Republican, and a member of the legislature in 1891-92. Owner and lover of fine horses, possessed of the finest residence in his native town, he would have been generally envied, but that he was so public-spirited and genial "none knew him but to praise."

He was thrice married: To Roxalana Robinson, of Barre, Vt.; Mary J. Smith, Rutland, Vt.; and Maria A. Alexander, of Claremont, N. H., which last survives her husband. Yet he never had a child, and at his death the name of Tyler, always honorably conspicuous in the town for 130 years, passed out. In peaceful "West Part" burying ground four generations of the kindred have "drawn the drapery of the couch about them and lain down to pleasant dreams."

Cornelius B. Tyler, Plainfield, N. J.
Mrs. Larissa C. Ladd, West Boxford, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah J. Wood, " " "
Miss Rebecca Tyler Wood, " "
Bennet Tyler Gale, Lee, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Tyler Brigham, Chicago, Ill.
John H. Tyler, Napoleon, Ohio.
Willard Curtis Tyler, Bradford, Mass.
Leverett W. Tyler, " "
Abel D. Tyler, Brockton, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Tyler, Sandusky, Ohio.
Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Tyler, Townsend, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Tyler, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Harry W. Tyler, Boston, Mass.
Warren P. Tyler, Newton, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Tyler, Haverhill, Mass.
Miss Irene Chaplin Tyler, Washington, D. C.
Miss Sarah R. Spalding, Lowell, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Abel D. Tyler, Jr., Brockton, Mass.
Thomas H. Tyler, Brookline, Mass.
Mary E. Tyler, Brookline, Mass.
W. B. Tyler, " "
Thomas H. Tyler, Jr., Waban, Mass.
Florence Tyler, " "
Dr. John B. Tyler, Billerica, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah E. Swan, Methuen, Mass.
Miss Bessie M. Swan, " "
Parker Tyler, Chelsea, Mass.
Frank Berry Tyler, Allston, Mass.
William Baldwin Tyler, Chelsea, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Tyler, Spencer, Mass.
Mrs. Mary N. Jones, Wakefield, Mass.
Mrs. E. Frank Wood, Hydepark, Mass.
Franklin T. Wood, " "
Miss Annette Wood, " "
Miss Louise Wood, " "
Miss Florence Wood, " "
Charles E. B. Tyler, Boston, Mass.
Charles S. Tyler, Ipswich, Mass.
Louise S. Tyler, " "
Tyler H. Bird, Belfast, Me.
Bertha I. T. Bird, " "
Carrie Tyler Dodge, Ashbury Grove, Mass.
M. J. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass.
Rosamond A. Gay, Andover, Mass.
Sarah N. Carter, " "
Maty T. Wildes, " "
Florence W. Gay, " "
Henry McLawlin, " "

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Cole, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. and Miss Bodwell, " "
Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Carlton, " "
Jennie W. Ingersoll, Bradford, Mass.
Mrs. Caroline Ellis, " "
Ellen A. Walker, Rye, N. H.
W. Chauncey Walker, Rye, N. H.
Edward E. Pearl, West Boxford, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac C. Day, West Boxford, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Chadwick, West Boxford, Mass.
Blanche Chadwick, West Boxford, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Warren M. Cole, West Boxford, Mass.
Mrs. J. Warren Chadwick, " "
John Tyler Wood, " "
Minnie P. Tyler, Allston, Mass.
Mrs. R. A. Tyler, Middleton, Mass.
Mrs. Mary H. Tyler, " "
Maurice E. Tyler, " "
Ansel P. Tyler, " "
Benjamin F. Tyler, Hydepark, Mass.
Frank H. Tyler, Hydepark, Mass.
Hattie L. Tyler, " "
Mrs. George P. Tyler, Georgetown, Mass.
Charles E. Tyler, " "
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Tyler, " "
George G. Tyler, " "
Mary F. Tyler, Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. Rose A. Keene, " "
Mrs. J. B. Smith, " "
Mary E. Brooks, " "
Mrs. Angie M. Tyler, Ward Hill, Mass.
Clarence E. Tyler, " " "
Mrs. Mary H. George, West Newbury, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah E. Reed, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Hattie T. Nason, Lynn, Mass.
Sarah M. Beane, " "
May E. Tyler, Lowell, Mass.
Nathaniel P. Tyler, West Medford, Mass.
Tyler Eddy Gale, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. H. Tyler Broad, " "
Mrs. L. E. West, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Major H. Tyler, Greenfield, Mass.
Charles Hopkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Rebecca J. Harris, Salem, Mass.
Mrs. William H. Greene, " "
Mrs. Frederic Porter, " "
Matilda Tyler Rathbun, Providence, R. I.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tyler, Centerville, R. I.

N. B.—Not all registered.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

Life Members:

Mrs. Larissa C. Ladd, West Boxford, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah J. Tyler Wood, " "
Miss Rebecca Tyler Wood, " "

Members Paying Annual Dues:

Moses Coburn Tyler, Salem, Mass. (deceased.)
Loren S. Tyler, Salem, Mass.
Miss Louise F. Tyler, Salem, Mass.
Mrs. Lydia M. Tyler, Salem, Mass.
Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Elizabeth B. D. Smyth, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah Nelson Carter, " "
Mrs. B. F. Tyler, Medford, Mass.
Mrs. Charles Parkhurst, Somerville, Mass.
Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, Cornell College.
Mrs. Carrie Tyler Dodge, Ashbury Grove, Mass.
Mrs. Abby Gage Davis, North Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Mehitabel C. P. Baxter, Portland, Me.
Charles Sumner Tyler, Ipswich, Mass.
Miss Mary J. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass.
Ellen Augusta Walker, Rye, N. H.
Mrs. Rosamond Abbott Gay, Andover, Mass.
Miss Florence Webster Gay, " "
Mrs. Harriet N. Randell, Portland, Me.
Willard Curtis Tyler, Bradford, Mass.
Leverett W. Tyler, " "
Mrs. Mary Tyler Wildes, Andover, Mass.
Charles O. Tyler, Spencer, Mass.
Artemas S. Tyler, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Ethalinda C. Tyler, Lowell, Mass.
Miss Frances M. Tyler, Northampton, Mass.
Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Hazel Morse Brigham, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Sarah E. Swan, Methuen, Mass.
Warren Parker Tyler, Newton, Mass.
Parker Tyler, Chelsea, Mass.
Mrs. H. Tyler Broad, Worcester, Mass.
Prof. William S. Tyler, Amherst, Mass.
John H. Tyler, Napoleon, Ohio.
Prof. Henry M. Tyler, Northampton, Mass.
Abel D. Tyler, Jr., Brockton, Mass.
Isaac C. Day, West Boxford, Mass.
Rollin U. Tyler, Tylerville, Conn.
Bennet Tyler Gale, Lee, Mass.
Henry P. Tyler, Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. Adelia E. Tyler, " "
William N. Tyler, Wakefield, Mass.
Wesley Tyler, Boston, Mass.
Benjamin F. Tyler, Hydepark, Mass.
Cornelius B. Tyler, Plainfield, N. J.

Mrs. Louise M. Wood, Hydepark, Mass.
Frank Tyler Wood, Hydepark, Mass.
Dr. John B. Tyler, Billerica, Mass.
W. E. Tyler, Brookline, Mass.
T. H. Tyler, " "
T. H. Tyler, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Frank Tyler Carlton, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Rebecca Tyler Harris, Salem, Mass.
Nathaniel Gage, Ward Hill, Mass.
Mrs. H. W. Tyler, Boston, Mass.
Charles Hopkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Mary E. Tyler, Lowell, Mass.
Miss Sarah R. Spalding, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Jennie W. Ingersoll, Bradford, Mass.
Prof. John M. Tyler, Amherst, Mass.
Nathaniel P. Tyler, West Medford, Mass.
Ansel P. Tyler, Middleton, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah M. Clark, Atkinson Depot, N. H.
Mrs. A. E. Tyler Gutterson, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Charles P. Clark, New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler Hincks, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Mary N. Jones, Wakefield, Mass.
Thomas L. Spofford, West Boxford, Mass.
Maurice E. Tyler, Middleton, Mass.
Col. Mason W. Tyler, Plainfield, N. J.

A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered the Trustees of the church for the generous donation of their edifice for the place of meeting, as well as for the beautiful floral decorations and other kindly acts of thoughtful courtesy.

The session then adjourned; and as those in attendance passed out of the front porch, Mr. Arthur Wilmarth, professional photographer, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., took a very satisfactory picture of the Tyler group.

DINNER SESSION.

About 1 P. M. fully 150 of the kindred crowded the vestry of the church to its capacity, and, seated about extemporized tables, discussed the viands bountifully provided by Caterer Tanner, of Haverhill, Mass., after a touching "grace" had been pronounced by Professor Egbert C. Smyth (great-grandson of Lydia Tyler, daughter of Moses, son of Moses, Job), of Andover. (Rev. Charles Parkhurst, of Boston, whose name was on the program for this function, it was reported, had been called home by sudden illness.)

For greater comfort and ease during the post-prandial exercises, the company broke up, to reassemble in the church above, where

the Chairman, who had meantime been elected President of the Family Association, enacted most gracefully the rôle of "toast master."

The following letters of regret were first attentively listened to:

LETTERS OF REGRET.

From Professor William S. Tyler.

Oak Grove, Amherst, Mass., August 5, 1896.

My Dear Kinsman:

I am sorry to say, my physician forbids my going to the gathering at Andover. I hope both my sons will go, and I send a paper which one of them will read.

It is with great regret that I find myself unable to be present and make the acquaintance of the numerous branches of the Tyler family that I trust will be present on that occasion. Yours most truly,

W. S. TYLER.

(This kindly letter was followed by a second, borne by a son, on the day of the gathering.)

Oak Grove, Amherst, Mass., August 31, 1896.

My Dear Kinsman:

This will introduce to your acquaintance two of my sons—Prof. Henry M. Tyler, of Smith College, and Prof. John M. Tyler, of Amherst—and one, perhaps two, of my grandsons—William Seymour Tyler, Jr., and Cornelius Boardman Tyler, sons of Col. Mason W. Tyler, of New York—who go as representatives of my family to the Tyler gathering at Andover.

It is not as numerous a delegation as I hoped to send. I had hoped to be present myself, and to bring along with me my eldest son, Col. Tyler, as a representative of the military and titled members of the Tyler family. But I have not the health and strength to bear the excitement and fatigue of the journey and the occasion; and he is obliged by circumstances to send his sons as his substitutes. You will recognize his son Boardman, now a member of Amherst College, as the young man who has contributed so largely to the materials of your genealogy, and who seems to be a born genealogist.

I think you will find them all in full sympathy with the meeting and with your work. And I trust you will find in the whole Tyler family the sympathy and co-operation in your work which you well deserve and which you will so much need.

I am glad you are to spend some time in the East. We shall be happy to see you at Amherst. Most truly your friend and kinsman,

W. S. TYLER.

From President Lyon G. Tyler.

College of William and Mary.
Chartered 1693.

Williamsburg, Va., July 28, 1896.

My Dear Sir:

I received your letter of invitation to the proposed Tyler Convention, and regret very much that my engagements will preclude my going so far. I should be glad indeed to see and meet my brethren of the Tyler name in the United

States. It would be a rare opportunity to cement lasting friendships, for I believe that our extensive clan can challenge comparison with any others in point of numbers and even of intellect.

I trust that the occasion will be a joyous one, as it ought to be, and with many kind salutations I rest. Very truly yours,

Mr. W. I. Tyler Brigham. LYON G. TYLER.

From Prof. Charles M. Tyler.

Department of Philosophy, Cornell University, Nov. 3, 1896.

Dear Kinsman:

* * * * I wish you great success in the Family History. I am ashamed to say, I forgot to write the letter for the Andover meeting. I was in the whirl of Oxford (England) life, visiting "exams" and dining out, hence the neglect, until it was too late.

Very sincerely your kinsman,

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq. CHARLES MELLEN TYLER.

From J. Hoge Tyler, Jr.

East Radford, Va., June 1, 1896.

Mr. W. I. T. Brigham, Chicago, Ill.,

My Dear Sir: I regret to say, that your letter to my father reached here a few days after he left for Glasgow, Scotland, where he goes as a delegate to the Pan Presbyterian Council.

I wish so much he had received it in time to have given it his personal attention, as I know it would have given him great pleasure to comply with your request to aid you in the publication of your history of the American Tylers. My father takes great interest in such work, and has much data which he will gladly send you when he returns.

In my father's name, please accept thanks for the invitation to attend a reunion of the Tylers at North Andover, Mass., and I hope he can attend.

Believe me, very respectfully yours,

J. HOGE TYLER, JR.

From Judge C. W. Tyler.

Clarksville, Tenn., June 8, 1896.

Hon. W. I. Tyler Brigham,

Dear Sir: I have recently received your letter, and will gladly, as soon as I can, write you more fully concerning my own branch of the Tyler family. The Tennessee Tylers came from Caroline County, Virginia, and originally from Essex County, in that State. Richard Tyler, our immediate progenitor, resided in Essex in 1692. I do not know who his father was.

I would like much to attend the Tyler reunion of which you speak, and perhaps I may be able to do so. I am much interested in the history of the family. Success to you in your enterprise.

Respectfully and truly,

C. W. TYLER.

From an octogenarian "Veteran" of the Mexican War.

Beaver, Utah, August 14, 1896.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.,

Chicago, Ill.,

Dear Kinsman: Your fraternal invitation to attend the grand Tyler fam-

ily reunion at North Andover in September proximo is received and highly esteemed and appreciated. I very much regret to say, however, that, owing to the infirmities of age and the long journey between us, it will be impossible for me to attend.

With the best wishes for yourself and the patriotic Tyler race, I remain,

Your sincere relative, DANIEL TYLER.

From Hon. Hiram Hitchcock.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, Madison Square, New York, July 5, 1896.

Mr. W. I. Tyler Brigham,

Dear Sir: I have your favor of 3d inst. In reply I will say, that full details of the Hitchcock-Tylers are complete in the genealogy of the Hitchcock family. * * *

I will attend the reunion if possible, but unless there is a change in my engagements, it will not be possible. Very truly yours,

HIRAM HITCHCOCK.

From Hon. J. Hoge Tyler, Ex-Lieutenant Governor of Virginia.

East Radford, Va., September 12, 1896.

Mr. W. I. Tyler Brigham,

My Dear Sir: I returned recently from Europe, and have learned with pleasure of the steps you have been taking in getting up data of the Tyler family; and I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 5th, and a copy of paper containing proceedings of the recent meeting at Andover.

It would have been a great pleasure to me to have been at the reunion of a family that has borne such a conspicuous part in the history of our country, and has contributed so much, in public and private, towards its upbuilding.

I would write you at greater length, but I am at this time very much pressed with engagements, and have also a sick child to help watch over. I will endeavor to send you data in regard to my branch of the family as soon as I can command time to make investigations.

Believe me, very truly your kinsman,

J. HOGE TYLER.

(Lack of space alone deters from setting out more of the many kind and encouraging replies, which acknowledged efforts to bring about a Tyler family life in national sense were esteemed and appreciated.)

TOASTS.

"Job Tyler. Our 'patient' ancestor; first of the name in America. At last, we greet thee." A few inflictions in rhyme.

Charles Edmund Bartlett Tyler (son of Osborn, Abraham, Abraham, Job, Job, Moses, Job), Boston, Mass.:

In Newport, quaint Rhode Island town, way down upon the coast,
There landed from old England's shore, of whom we can now boast
A "Tyler"; from o'er the sea came he to the woods and lofty hills,
To found a home and family, and 'scape old country's ills.

"Sixteen Forty," or thereabout, he stepped upon the strand
And pitched his tent in an ancient town now known throughout the land
As Andover, of scholastic fame, whose influence is known
In Forum, Pulpit, Rostrum, where Knowledge it is shown.

"Job" was his appellation, a patient man, 'tis said,
This horny-handed ancestor, now numbered with the dead,
Who delved from early morn till night, he strove to make a name,
Respected, loved, esteemed by all, but yet, unknown to fame.

To gratify his longing he went from town to town,
To Roxbury, Mendon, Arundel, before he settled down.
But he came back to Andover, and here resolved to stay,
Where we revere his memory on this September day.

The supposition is, his bones a grave doth fill
In the little old-time burial yard, not far upon the hill;
No stone doth mark the sacred spot or record can be found,
But one, his first born, who lies there beneath historic ground.

The trees do wave their requiem above the sacred dead,
So we should grant our meed of praise for the spirits that have fled,
And add our mite of reverence for those who went before,
And visit, each and all, the spot, before the day is o'er.

"Job" built a little house, and stocked it well with goods,
And piles of fuel gathered he from out the Tyler woods,
Then made a barn so fine and warm, the cattle to be snug,
And all was nice and cosey, like bugs within a rug.

Then after he a home had got, through all his pain and strife,
He looked among the gentler sex and sought him out a wife,
One who would love and trust, and live for him alone,
Not as some modern maidens do, who only seek a home!

But a maiden fair, with cheeks of red,
Who could roast the meat, and bake good bread,
A helpmeet fair who could butter make,
Could bake and brew, make "Johnny Cake."

Sew and spin, and stockings knit,
And cut, make garments just to fit,
An adept in knowledge of household lore
As parents of both, in days of yore.

Job married "Mary" the records say,
Years ago in the earlier time,
And we who meet on this festal day
Are all descendants along the line.

With biblical names we are led to know
Their children were baptized,
In the olden time of long ago
In their little busy hive.

There was Moses, and Hopestill and John, who died young,
And Mary, who married a "Post,"
Samuel and John, Abram and others,
With descendants that make up a host.

Preachers and Generals of undoubted fame,
And Colonels who fought in the wars,
With Captains and others too numerous to name,
Whose bravery will make up the score.

And Members of Congress, a President, too,
Governors, Doctors and Lawyers galore,
Editors, Authors, and adding thereto
Our college-bred members, ten thousand or more.

The Tylers are known where English is spoken,
In churches, in councils, on land or on the sea,
In politics, law, you will find them in commotion,
In fact, a busy family, wherever they may be.

The eighth generation now gives you all greeting,
To sisters and cousins, our uncles and aunts,
Fathers and mothers, and others, at meeting
About our ancestor's favorite haunts.

May we rival the virtues of those gone before us,
Rejoice at the record our friends left behind.
Leave the same for our fathers and sisters and mothers,
And we'll be remembered by thoughts that are kind.

Nor forget our dear parents, in the old familiar nest,
Or the prayers of gentle mother, ere she left us to our rest,
Or of our friends departed for the happy golden shore.
Where we hope to meet all once again and part again no more.

May the "Clan" endure always, go down to posterity,
As happy, congenial, as all here to-day.
No doubts of the future, or filled with temerity,
And the Tylers will always continue their sway.

So here's a good health to all here around,
The old and the young, the great and the small,
May the verdict be rendered when the last trump shall sound,
"Well done, my good people, I welcome you all."

"My grandfather. Dear old man; upright, honest and faithful; we all honor and love him."

Hon. James M. Tyler (son of Ephraim, Stephen, Elijah, Robert, Deacon John, Job), Brattleboro, Vt., a Justice of the Vermont Supreme Court:

(The failure of response to the above sentiment by Judge James M. Tyler, of the Supreme Court of Vermont, is explained in the following letter.)

Brattleboro, August 31, 1896.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.,
North Andover, Mass.,

My Dear Cousin: On my return last week, I sent to you some facts concerning my own branch of the family, with regrets that I should be unable to

attend the family meeting. Until last week, I have been held in court; and this week must hear a chancery case, as I begin another County Court next week.

That letter may not reach Chicago before you leave, so I write again to express my sincere regret not to be able to meet the esteemed cousins to-morrow.

I could testify, that no one to my knowledge had ever disgraced the family name, which in all the generations has been an honorable one.

Truly yours, JAMES M. TYLER.

"A Pine Tree, 'The groves were God's first temples.' Standing within our modern temples, we will strive to be worthy the sturdy oak, from whose primeval American trunk have sprung so many Tylers."

Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, Esq. (son of Lucinda Tyler, daughter of Rowland, Gen. Ebenezer, Capt. Samuel, Samuel, Job), Bangor, Maine.

The following intended telegram was not delivered:

Bangor, Me., September 2, 1896.

W. I. Tyler Brigham,

Tyler Reunion, North Andover Center, Mass.:

Many regrets that I am unable to leave here. I am with you in sympathy, love and honor to our noble ancestors. May their life record inspire you in your good work. HENRY L. MITCHELL.

This telegram was enclosed in an explanatory letter, as follows:

My Dear Sir: I enclose telegram, which I tried to send to you on my return home on the 2nd, but was informed that no telegraphic communication could be made at the place of your meeting, therefore gave it up, with the idea of sending it to you at your home, with an explanation.

Mrs. Mitchell and myself were the guests of her sister in Albion, about forty miles from here. We had such a pleasant time, that it was eight o'clock before we got started for home. We went all right for about five miles, when it commenced to rain very hard, and was so dark we could not see anything. The first thing we knew, we were in contact with a team, and I had to get out and walk through the mud and rain until we arrived at a store, where we got a lantern. I contracted so bad a cold, it was decided it would not be prudent for me to start for Andover, so returned home.

I trust I shall be with you at your next meeting. If you can come down here, I will make it as pleasant for you as I can, and would be much pleased to see you here. Hoping I will see you, and with kindest regards to you and other relatives, I remain, Very truly yours,

H. L. MITCHELL.

"Tyler Biology. 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.'"

Prof. John M. Tyler (son of Prof. Wm. S., Deacon Joab, Deacon John, Capt. John, Ebenezer, Samuel, Job), Amherst College, Mass.

(The following toast, written by Prof. William Seymour Tyler, Amherst, Mass., was presented and read to a delighted audience by his son, the said Prof. John M. Tyler.)

It is eighty-six years ago to-day that my eyes first saw the light. It was doubtless an accidental and unintentional coincidence that my birthday was selected as the day for this gathering of the tribes of the great Tyler family. But accidents, so called, are also Providences. Or rather, there *are no* accidents under the government of God, but all events are part of His universal and particular Providence. And so, I thank God, first of all, that I have been permitted to live through so many years—almost a score beyond the typical three-score years and ten, which the Psalmist assigns as the limit of human life—and yet have *not* found my strength to be *all* labor and sorrow. And in the next place I cordially thank you, my kinsmen of the Tyler family, for the warm welcome which you have given me on the eighty-sixth anniversary of my birth, at the first, and I trust not the last, meeting of our tribes to honor the memory of our ancestry, and to recognize the tie that binds us to each other as members of one great family, that has now spread itself over every part of this wide continent.

Heredity and environment are the two forces which make individuals, families, states and nations what they are. Evolutionary biologists nowadays think they can explain by the combined action of these two forces the development and differentiation of *man* from the lower *animals*, from the protoplasm, which is the lowest form of animal life. It would be an interesting and instructive study, if one were only capable of so broad, profound and philosophical an investigation, to trace all the branches and ramifications of the Tyler family back to their immigrant ancestor, and show how much of their family characteristics they have all inherited from him, and how many they severally owe to the places and circumstances by which they have been surrounded. But that, I fear, would be beyond the power even of our gifted and accomplished genealogist, who has had the courage to undertake to find the whereabouts and the whatabouts of so many generations of Tylers, so many of whom, like himself, do not even bear the name, but have the blood flowing in their veins.

I *would* like, however, to give on this occasion a brief outline sketch of that branch of the family to which I belong, viz.: John Tyler, of Harford, and his descendants.

John Tyler, of Harford, Pa., was the son of John Tyler, of Attleboro, Mass. John seems to have been a favorite name in the family, as it was also in the family of President Tyler, of Virginia, who always strenuously insisted that his family and ours were the same on the other side of the Atlantic. John Tyler, of Harford, was born in Attleboro, April 25, 1746, and died in Ararat, Pa., May 27, 1822. He married Mercy, daughter of Rev. Peter Thacher, of Attleboro, by whom he had nine children, four sons and five daughters. The sons, with a singular fondness for alliteration, they named John, Job, Joab and Jabez; and the daughters, by a more singular species of rhyming, they called Mercy, Mary, Nannie, Polly and Acsah. He was nearly fifty years of age when he moved with his whole family to what was afterwards Harford, Susquehanna County, Pa., but was then an almost unbroken and unbounded wilderness, known sometimes as "The Beech Woods," although it was scarcely more

remarkable for its fine growth of beech trees than for the splendid maples and magnificent hemlocks which largely covered and adorned the surface.

The first settlers were all from Attleboro, for the most part young and unmarried men. But when John Tyler came four years later with his whole family, it was still a wilderness; there were no well-made roads; often the track was only *indicated* by the blazing of trees; much of the way they went on foot, and transported their few household goods in ox-wagons, making only a few miles as a day's journey, and encamping in the woods at the close of the day wherever the sunset might overtake them. For several years there were no frame houses. They lived in log cabins covered with bark. For ten years they were left without taxes, military duties, civil rulers or church organization. "A sense of justice, the dictates of kindness, the power of moral training and public opinion, were their officers and exactors." In my own boyhood wolves howled in the forests by night and ran in troops across our farm in broad daylight. I counted fourteen myself one morning before breakfast, and I thought they would like to make a breakfast of me. And I saw deer shot down grazing in our meadows.

They were not long, however, without religious services, which were held in a log cabin roofed with bark. A "reading meeting" was established by vote of the people, and John Tyler was chosen to conduct it. These meetings were held every Sabbath, and the Sabbath was as carefully observed, as free from profanation by labor and amusements, as it was in old Massachusetts. In 1800 a church was organized, consisting of seven members, all of whom were Tylers, Carpenters or Thachers, and all had letters from the church in Attleboro, of which Rev. Peter Thacher was pastor; and the Confession of Faith and Covenant of that church were adopted as the rule of faith and discipline. In 1803 John Tyler and Obadiah Carpenter were chosen deacons. Meetings for public worship were now held in the dwelling house of John Tyler, which was the first frame dwelling house in the settlement. Meetings were also sometimes held in his barn. The first "meeting house" (they never called it a church) was built a few years later, and served also as a schoolhouse, till the Center Schoolhouse was erected on a slight eminence in front of a beautiful grove of evergreens, a handsome edifice, which was the pride of the village at the time it was built, and afterwards became the germ of an institution, which under different names, "The Center School," "Franklin Academy," "Harford University," "Pennsylvania Orphan School," has been an educational center for Northeastern Pennsylvania, and has educated ministers, lawyers, doctors, scholars, statesmen, men of influence for every part of our great country,among them such men as Judge Williams and Judge Morrow, of Pennsylvania; Governor C. C. Carpenter, of Iowa, and G. J. Carpenter, member of Congress from California; Galusha A. Grow, Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Civil War; and Roswell Miller, son of Rev. Adam Miller, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, who is now one of the railroad kings of the Great West.

Harford and Harford schools were famous from the earliest times for the number and character of the teachers that they educated and furnished for the surrounding country. A letter written in 1819 by a young gentleman who had gone from the Harford school and was himself teaching in the town of Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., in rather a doleful strain says, "the girls are all away teaching," and goes on to mention nine of the girls by name and also the names of the places where they were teaching. This was only thirty years

after the settlers had first set foot in the unbroken wilderness. The schools in which these girls taught were, of course, for the most part common schools, for very few schools of a higher grade existed at that time in that section. But the Harford school, under all its changes of name and form, was always a co-educational institution, and soon took the lead, not only in giving the higher education to both sexes, but prepared its graduates to teach in and establish schools of a higher grade in other states.

Thus, for example, the three sons of Joab Tyler, my own father, after preparing for college in Harford and graduating at Amherst, all devoted their lives to teaching, partly in Amherst and partly in institutions of their own founding or upbuilding. And you will pardon me for illustrating the characteristic and hereditary predilection of Harford families (perhaps in this presence I should say families of the Tyler *connection* in Harford) for higher education and teaching as a profession, by reference to subsequent generations. My own four sons are all graduates of Amherst College, and two of them are college professors, one in Smith and the other in Amherst. In the next generation my oldest son has two children, one of whom graduated at Amherst a year ago, and the other will graduate one year from next commencement. The oldest daughter of my second son is a graduate of Smith, and the other two children are too young to enter college. Of the two children of my third son one has already graduated, while the second is too young to enter. And if the two children of my fourth son were questioned on the subject, I have no doubt the son would answer that he is going to Amherst College, and the little daughter would say, without a moment's hesitation, that she is going to Smith.

To go back to an older branch of the Harford Tylers, John Wadsworth Tyler, the only son of John Tyler, Jr.,—grandson of the John who migrated to Harford—was a graduate of Union College, and a distinguished Professor in Cazenovia Seminary till he died an early death, and of the two daughters of John Tyler, Jr., Clara Catlin was the mother of John Wadsworth Clarke, who was a distinguished mathematician and surveyor, and had the honor of tracing and marking the disputed boundary between the State of Pennsylvania and Western New York; and Harriet Ann married Willard Richardson, the youngest of the three members of the Richardson family, who for three generations were the principals or presidents of the Academy or University, which for so many years was the head center of higher education in Northern Pennsylvania.

Rev. Lyman Richardson, the oldest of that family of Harford educators, who was my first teacher in Latin, also took a wife from the Tyler family, Charlotte Sweet, daughter of Nannie Tyler Sweet, granddaughter of John Tyler, the migrating ancestor of the Harford family, so that persons in whose veins the Tyler blood flowed may be considered as a sort of *teaching* or *educating guild* from the earliest settlement of the town to the present time.

The common schools of the town were of a high order. Mr. Lyman Richardson's school was at once a classical and a common school. The first school was kept in the dwelling house of John Tyler, the same house in which religious meetings were early held, and the room in which the school was kept was called the "schoolroom" ever after, as long as the house was occupied. The first meeting house was also the first *schoolhouse*, in which little children were taught by daughters of the first families, some of these "girls" of whom we have already heard as teaching in so many of the neighboring towns. And winter schools for children of a larger growth were taught by *sons* of the best

families, such, for example, as Williston, and Samuel Ely, Kingsbury, the minister's sons; and Asahel Carpenter, the father of the two Carpenters who were afterwards distinguished, one as Governor of Iowa, and the other as Member of Congress from California.

And here I cannot refrain from saying, that it seems to me, there was in Harford very early an unusually large number, for a small place, of some of the noblest *women* that I have ever known,—the wives and daughters of the first settlers, and the wives and sisters of their sons, remarkable for their beauty, their intelligence and their Christian benevolence; *queens* by divine right, because worthy to reign, as they did reign, in society and education, as well as in the homes and hearts of those who loved them.

I shall never forget an association which existed in my college days, whose immediate object was to sew for the benefit of missions, which in most places would have been called a sewing society, and in many places would have deserved, perhaps, to be called a society for gossip and scandal, but they named it the "Reading Circle," and well they might, for they read as diligently and faithfully as they sewed; the best readers they could select read the best books they could find—many of the best books of the times; and it is surprising how *well* read they became. College boys, when they came home for their vacations, were sometimes drafted and enlisted as readers. At least, I remember well that I had the honor and privilege of being made a reading member of the Harford Sewing Circle.

Of course the *men* of those early days were the worthy husbands and brothers, fathers and sons of such women, else the *women* never would have been what they were, or made Harford what it has become. Harford is a small farming town, with a population of only 1514 at the last census, without manufactures or commerce, with a hilly and rocky surface, a hard and stony soil, a grazing country well stocked with fine herds of cattle and choice flocks of sheep, producing the best of butter and cheese for the city markets, and raising choice fruits in abundance, but yielding crops of corn and rye only in reluctant obedience to the toil and sweat and skill and handiwork of the husbandman, sown with beautiful lakes and running brooks, and beautified with picturesque hills and valleys, but, like Attica, priding itself chiefly on raising men.

And when I say this, I refer not to the few who leave the farm and seek a college education and adorn public life, but to the mass of the farming population. I have been in the habit for several years of reading in the *Independent Republican*, the leading newspaper published in Montrose, the shire town of Susquehanna County, full reports of the meetings of the farmers' club in Harford, and I have been surprised and delighted to see the intelligence and ability manifested in their discussions, their knowledge of their business, both that gained from their own experience and observation and that derived from books, and their eagerness to know more, and the freedom and felicity with which they expressed what they knew and what they desired to learn from one another. There is no other such club in Susquehanna County. Indeed, I do not know of any other farmers' club anywhere, even in old Massachusetts, that would compare with this Harford Club in the qualities which I have mentioned. It is a model farmers' club, and if every farming town in the country had such a club, there would be more intelligence, prosperity and happiness in our farming communities, and much less discontent, complaint, envy and jealousy among our agricultural population. And if any of you wish to see a model agricultural fair, I advise you to visit Harford on one of these autumnal

festivals, when all the farmers and nearly all the people of the town, and great numbers from all the neighboring towns, gather in a beautiful grove which commands a magnificent prospect of all the surrounding country, to exhibit the fruits of their industry and skill, the products of their farms and farm-houses, their dairies and the cows that produced them, their cattle and sheep and horses. You will see no horse-*racing*. You will find no booths for the sale of intoxicating drinks. There is no gambling or betting. It is a genuine agricultural fair. It is a real farmers' festival. It is an exhibit of flowers and fruits, of all things beautiful and good that spring out of the earth or that the hand of man or woman can produce. Music and eloquence add their charms. Addresses by men of learning, science and art form a part of the program. Boys and girls, young men and maidens, play games—not games of chance, but games of skill and sports of various kinds on the grass and under the shade of the trees. One day is not enough for so large and varied a program. Two days are devoted to the business and pleasures of the occasion, and they go away feeling that they have had an ideal festival, a feast of reason as well as of the senses; a feast for the eye, and the ear, and the mind, and the heart; a school in which they have learned much that is good, with little or nothing that is evil.

I regret to say that in this great assembly at this model Harford Fair, while you will see any number of persons who have the Tyler blood in their veins, you will find, so far as I know, only one man who bears the Tyler name. But *he* bears the name of the immigrant ancestor of us all. I refer to Edward Job Tyler, grandson of Job, great-grandson of John, of Attleboro and Harford, a skillful and successful farmer, who still occupies the same farm which his father and grandfather possessed before him—an *intelligent* farmer, a cultivated man, a good citizen and a consistent Christian. May there always be a Job Tyler in Harford to perpetuate the memory of Job Tyler, of Andover!

I cannot close this imperfect sketch of one branch of our family—already too long, and yet too short to do it justice—without some allusion (and it shall be only an allusion) to that church which in its origin was the church "in the house" of John Tyler, of which John Tyler was the first deacon, and of which for many years nearly all of his descendants were members, and from which so many of his descendants have been received by letter into other churches all over the country, especially in the great West,—the church of which Adam Miller was pastor for more than half a century! That church has been a power, a power for good in Harford, second only to its schools; in some respects beyond even its schools it has made Harford what it has been, and what it is. The history of Harford, the history of the Harford branch of our family, cannot be written without including very much of the history of that church. As in the past, so in the future, may it ever continue to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

I am inclined to think, though I say it subject to correction from the wider knowledge of our genealogist, I am inclined to think that this branch of the Tyler family has been remarkable, not so much for the number of its great men distinguished in military service and public affairs, as for the masses that have excelled in the virtues of private life like the membership of the early Christian churches, not *many great* men, not many mighty, not many noble, but very many *good* men and true, good women and beautiful, good Christians, good citizens, good friends and neighbors who have done their duty to one

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another, and adorned all the walks of private life. May such men and women ever be the strength and glory of the Tyler family, and may such families always be the salvation of the Republic!

Then followed the mirthful song, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

("Aunt Mary Tyler," as she was familiarly called, died at her residence in Somerville, Mass., December 11, 1889. Her maiden name was Mary F. Sawyer, and she was born at Sterling, Mass. She was the "Mary" who "had a little lamb.")

"Tyler Family History," by Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.

Lord Bacon—the same whom Donnelly accuses of having written Shakespeare's works—once said, "Histories make men wise," to which Mrs. Partington added a foot note, in her own private copy, "True, if not *other*wise."

I remember years ago a young lady calling at our house—we were not very well acquainted—and before she left she turned to me and asked, "Mr. Brigham, *what part* of Utah did you say your ancestors were from?" Nonsense, I replied, I'm a Green Mountain boy. "Oh, but that doesn't prove anything," she said, with her sweetly exasperating smile. And so, to humor her, I brought out the family Bible, and showed, with some complacency, first, Thomas Brigham, at Watertown, Mass., 1635; then, Thomas, Gershom, Benjamin, of Marlboro, Mass.; Gershom, born in Marlboro, going *via* Winchester, N. H., to Washington County, Vt.; Elisha, his son, who had a son, Dr. G. N. Brigham; lastly, in parental chirography, your humble servant, Willard I. Tyler Brigham, born at Montpelier, Vt., May 31, 1859. So far as I know, there has never been a divorce in our immediate line, and every man has plighted his faith upon the sacred altar of monogamy.

I read in the records of old Rowley, Mass. (which included soil contiguous to this), that as early as 1647 there was a Sebastian Brigham there who was captain of the first military company organized in that town. When I get back into this county, it seems as if I were visiting relatives. Yes, that would be on my father's side.

Job Tyler is a name familiar to most of us; he, the first one, has been sleeping his long sleep now for nigh two hundred years in a small plot of mother earth, probably not far from where we, so many of his descendants, are now reunited; nay, not reunited, but united for the first time upon earth. Job had a son, Moses, called "Quartermaster," who was a leading citizen here in Andover, and who died, as must we all, in the year 1727—a long time since, is it not?—at the ripe age of eighty-five. We shall, many of us, go out and visit his grave in a few moments. This Moses had a son Job, again—quite a popular name it used to be with his descendants, but somehow people got to thinking it sounded too old fashioned. This Job married Margaret, a granddaughter of Gov. Simon Bradstreet, of Massachusetts Bay Colony. They had a son William, who, as many of his kinsmen were doing at the time, went down into Connecticut, where he settled in the town of Willington. Here a son Jonathan was born, who went up the Connecticut River to Hartland, Vt. He had a son, Job again, who had a son Merril, who settled in Washington County, Vt., in the heart of the picturesque Green Mountains. Merril here married a Miss Zelinda Whitcomb, whose parents had come over from Swanzey, N. H., and who was lineally descended from old John Whitcomb, one of the ten original grantees of the town called Lancaster, Mass., over west here.

Upon a verdant slope of one of these mountains, on the 25th of October, 1823, this last couple greeted with untold delight their eldest born daughter, whom they christened Laura Elvira Tyler. She was fair and bright, with golden hair in abundance, and grew up the pride and favorite of the rural district, the scene of her nativity.

In young womanhood, she, who had been as fancy free as the sportive brooks which coursed the mountain side, loved and wedded Dr. Brigham, of Montpelier, Vt. Of their five children, only three of whom lived to reach maturity, he who stands before you was the youngest born. A boyhood fitful and wayward, with its thoughtless behavior, may cause much anxiety to a devoted mother; and she used sometimes with much seriousness to express apprehensions how I would "turn out."

Not stout and robust, like most of the Tylers, but naturally delicate and very sensitive, the cares of life proved untimely heavy to her. Before she had reached the half-way stone, a merciful Lord relieved her of burdens too onerous. On a bleak day in March, 1873, she was laid to rest at Montpelier, in beautiful Green Mountain Cemetery. It is to me the dearest spot on earth—for we all must know one—and when my turn shall come I know of no better place in which to lie down and rest.

Looking back more than a score of years, to the recollections of a boy of thirteen, my mother, as she gradually faded away, left upon my mind an impression inexpressibly sad; but softened by infinite tenderness, and now and then lighted by the smiles of a perennial spirit of forgiveness. It is out of devotion to her memory that I have undertaken this Tyler history; and when I look upon it in its completed form, as I trust shall be granted me to do, I know it will be with a joyful satisfaction which nothing else in life could bring.

But I am speaking too long. One word more and it is all said. The past year, by the partial neglect of professional duties—and members of my household say, at the expense of some play and sleeping time—I have collected facts concerning about 5,000 Tylers, scattered all over this country, and have arranged them under branches into families as their lineage entitled. Others are knocking loudly at the door awaiting to be identified and admitted. Ultimately, I expect to have more than 25,000 Tylers on the great muster roll. But it must come as the result of *co-operative* energies and helps.

Now, my kindred, there is a good adage, "*Labor omnia vincit;*" Labor conquers everything. We need, as a clan, to bear this truth in mind. One person can no more do this work *un*aided than the simple commands of Grant, without loyal fighting men, and lots of them, could come victorious out of a Civil War. Let *each* see that his own family data gets in, and that of his ancestry as far as he can learn; and let him interest others by the name, be they kinsmen known or utter strangers. A record scattered, as is the Tyler families' record, throughout every state in the Union (somewhat in form of scraps from myriad publications, or cherished in family Bibles, or carried in the minds of living thousands), *cannot* be brought together *in any other way.* Kindly bear this in mind; and also this, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." For far longer than the marble stones of the cemeteries will such a work as this keep spotless and undimmed the memories of our ancestors and, yes, ourselves, generations after we now gathered about this family board shall have been gathered to our fathers. There in the book assembled, truly, as we

never were together all on earth, but as we trust all shall be brought together about the throne of God on high.

"Philosophy of Intermarriage. 'And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him.'"

William H. Tyler Phillips, Esq. (son of Hannah Cecelia Tyler, daughter of Dr. William H. Tyler, son of Samuel, Benjamin, Bezaleel, Charles), Pittsfield, Mass.

Concerning the above, the following letter was received:

W. I. Tyler Brigham:

Dear Kinsman: Up to this morning I had thought to be personally present at the gathering of the American family of Tylers at North Andover. Business matters, however, have developed at this date which simply make the trip impossible, to my deep regret.

I can only forward you the response which I had prepared in reply to the sentiment. Please secure some party to personate me, if you are unable to do this yourself, and convey to your great gathering my sincere regrets at not being able to be present in both body and spirit.

Yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON TYLER PHILLIPS.

The response above indicated was very kindly read by Prof. Henry M. Tyler of Smith College, being as follows:

If there has been any lack of practical students in the doctrine of "The Philosophy of Intermarriage," since God-fearing Noah landed his mixed freight of humanity, beast, bird and reptile on the heights of Ararat, the great Tyler family of two continents cannot be accredited with any of this shortage. Multiplications of Tylers have been, past and present, their family forte, through alliance with other notable tribal strains, until this memorable gathering of the Tylers of America has been made possible, soon to be followed by the publication of their clan history—not only in the great free Republic in which we live, but in the mother hemisphere.

The selection for a respondent to this very knotty sentiment reminds one of the passenger car theologian who, after tiring out all the travelers who would listen to him in his remarks on the "Garden of Eden," and "Father Adam," finally seated himself opposite that great humorist, Mark Twain. Twain gave him his undivided attention, without the slightest interruption, for a full half-hour; when, very adroitly, he snuffed him out with the laconic inquiry: "Adam, who were you speaking of, sir?" Therefore, you will permit me to refer "The Philosophy of Intermarriage"—"and Noah went *forth*, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him," to the great Divinity from whom has emanated the command and the instinct to mate and multiply in the highest and most insignificant types of life; and to the mythological, sweet, darling and daring Cupid, with his dangerous bow and shaft; and to philosophically drop this perplexing sentiment as it relates to the great Deluge mariner, with some astonishment at the lack of courtesy of the Noah boys and their wives, to have let Father Noah *go fourth* from his ark.

But, it is possible that this sentiment was allotted to me, from the fact that the keel of the Ark first scraped the earth on the summit of a mountain; knowing that great-grandfather, Samuel Page Tyler, a lieutenant of the Berkshire minute men at Bunker Hill and Bennington, lies in an ancient cemetery

in New Ashford (with his wife, Esther Hamilton,) just where the western shadows of Greylock Mountain, the highest peak in Massachusetts, fall; while at North Adams, within the northern shadows of that great eminence, are buried grandfather, Dr. William Hamilton Tyler, and his gentle wife, Lila Hall, and father, Dr. Henry Padelford Phillips, my mother, and her sainted sister; while but a single aged daughter of Dr. Tyler's family remains.

Born on the gentle, sunny southern mountain slope of old Greylock, in Lanesboro, the very heart of the grand amphitheatre of the hills of old Berkshire—though the most of an honored and noble posterity have been removed to the Everlasting Hills—I have my home. As Noah and his family came down from Ararat, through intermarriage to give to earth the great family of Tylers, I bring you glad greetings from the Berkshire hills; from the Tylers, the Hamiltons, the Halls, the Eldridges, the Phillipses, and many others, descendants of the Tylers, in which, through intermarriage, the Scotch, the English, the French, the Irish and the Welsh, have contributed to cover its grand hillsides with men and women who love God and country, righteousness and freedom, the nation and its flag—true and loyal Americans.

"A Taste of the Nutmegs." (Being a family reunion, no "wooden" ones will pass.)

Rollin U. Tyler, Esq. (son of Alpheus, Capt. Warren, Capt. Simon, Nathaniel, Francis), Middletown, Conn.

Mr. Toastmaster and Kinsmen:

It is altogether fitting and proper that the dear old State from which I hail should be recognized in any general gathering of the Tyler clan, for she has played no unimportant part in rearing the numerous family so auspiciously represented here to-day. Indeed, I am not sure but that the very arrangement of our program bears witness to the importance of the nutmeg branch, for we have it on the best of authority, that "the *first* shall be last." I cannot think of any other reason why we should be called upon last. I certainly could not have the presumption to suppose that any reputation of mine as an after-dinner speaker could be made available here (as is often done in the case of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew), to hold the company together in the hope of enjoying the choicest dish at the end of the intellectual feast. Not at all. The solid food and choicest viands have already been consumed. Only the nutmegs remain. And genuine ones, you know, are very dry fodder, while the wooden ones, about which I am expressly enjoined to be *mum*, are "extra dry." In other words, there is not much for me to do except to express my appreciation for the honor of being called upon, and wish our undertaking all success.

The Tylers reached Connecticut at a very early day, where they first settled along the shores of Long Island Sound, and principally in the vicinity of New Haven. And in this connection I am tempted to appropriate the words of Mr. Stedman's Commencement Ode, descriptive of the founding of Yale College on these same shores, and say—

In the gray of a people's morn,
In the faith of the years to be,
The Tyler tree was planted
On the shore of the fruitful sea.

And since that time, for two hundred and fifty years, the Tylers have been helping to make the history of the land of steady habits, and to found and populate other States further north and west.

The branch of the family which I have the honor to represent is that of Francis Tyler, who is first found in Branford, Conn., soon after 1660. Savage's brief record of him ends at 1681, when, it is stated, Francis had born to him a daughter, Abigail, but "nothing more is known of him." For twelve years I wondered whether the "missing links," if there were any, would ever be rediscovered. But it is now certain that Francis died in Branford in 1712, and left a will which is recorded in New Haven. His only son that grew to manhood was Nathaniel, a shipwright, who married a Haddam girl and settled in that town soon after 1720. All of the Tylers now living in Haddam, which is my native place, are descendants of Nathaniel. They are of the light complexioned type. There came to Haddam from Branford shortly before 1720 a son of George Tyler, named Isaac, who was Nathaniel's first cousin. That branch was of the darker type and is now extinct in Haddam. Isaac was grandfather of Col. Abraham Tyler, who was a confidential friend of General Washington, and the most distinguished military officer furnished by Haddam for the Revolutionary War. His grave, in the ancient cemetery near the Haddam court house, is appropriately decorated each Memorial Day.

One of Nathaniel's sons had a family of eight children (among them my grandfather) which is worthy of mention — first, for their longevity; the youngest died at 68 and the eldest at 90, while the average age of the whole family at the time of their deaths was eighty-two and one-half years. Surely such a record as that does honor to the reputation of the Land of Steady Habits.

It is also worthy of remark that seven of that family were sea captains; while their sister, the eighth, was a captain's wife and became the mother of two more. Several of the younger generation followed the same occupation.

Six of those old sea-dogs, brothers, lie buried in the Tylerville Cemetery, on a knoll overlooking the Connecticut River and within a few rods of the spot where they first saw the light. The old house, which was their birthplace, was built by their grandfather, Nathaniel, soon after his migration from Branford, and partly, tradition says, of materials brought from that town. No remains of it now exist.

The name Tylerville was given to the southeastern school district in the township of Haddam by Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field in the early part of the present century, because of the large number of Tylers, including the seven brothers and their families, then living in that neighborhood. Dr. Field was the pastor of the Haddam church, and was an enthusiast in the study of local history and genealogy. He published, among other works, a genealogy of the Brainerd family, and an early history of the towns of Haddam and East Haddam. He was the father of the eminent jurist of the same name. Tylerville now has a postoffice and a railroad station, but only two or three families living in the place bear the Tyler name.

I must not say more, for the day is far spent and we are anxious to visit the ancient Tyler landmarks in this early home of Job and Moses and Hopestill.

As we separate and go back to our homes to think over the pleasures of this day, and to anticipate others that are in store for us, we cannot be too grateful to our friend and cousin, Tyler Brigham, without whose zeal and enthusiasm this meeting could not have been held. Let us congratulate ourselves that we have for our historian such a combination of New England

pluck, perseverance and industry, combined with the "hustle" of Chicago, and seasoned "from away back" with a liberal sprinkling in his veins of genuine old Connecticut NUTMEG.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler was obliged to absent himself the latter part of this session, and Prof. Henry M. Tyler (brother of Prof. John M., *vide* lineage *supra*) presided altogether acceptably in his stead. A vote of thanks was passed for the happy manner in which Prof. Moses Coit Tyler had conducted the day's exercises.

Owing to the forced absence of Rev. George Leon Walker* (great-grandson of Lucretia Tyler, daughter of Moses, son of Capt. John, Moses, Job), of Hartford, Conn., benediction was pronounced by Prof. Egbert C. Smyth; when the meeting adjourned, to meet at New Haven, Conn., the last Wednesday in August (the 25th), 1897.

VISITATIONS.

About 3:30 o'clock P. M., adjournment gave way to visitations of especial Tyler interest in the neighborhood; first, to Bradstreet House and Moses Tyler's grave, both near neighbors, made mostly by foot passengers over a short half-mile, through as beautiful a village street as the sun shines on. Thereafter, those who had time at command took the barge drive of three miles to Capt. John Tyler's homestead in West Boxford, returning in time for later railway trains to their many several destinations. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that the meeting was both successful and enjoyable, and that as many as could do so would be gladly present at the next reunion.

Here follows abridged historical accounts of the three leading places of visitation, as aforesaid.

BRADSTREET HOUSE.

(Largely extracted from Bailey's "Historical Sketches of Andover.")

"Of all the works of the settlers [of Andover] in the first fifty years, no relics remain besides their written papers and deeds, the few gravestones in the burying-ground and one or two dwelling houses. Of the latter, *there is only one* in regard to which satisfactory evidence is found of its having been the residence of one of the original settlers. This one is *Bradstreet House*. * * * It was built, probably, about the year 1667 by the Hon. (afterwards Deputy-Governor and Governor) Simon Bradstreet, and was his family residence and that of his son, Col. Dudley Bradstreet, until the death of the latter in 1702. Old as it is, it had been preceded by another built many

*Rev. Mr. Walker had been recently prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, while visiting his son, Prof. Walker, at Brattleboro, Vt. It will be glad news to his myriad friends to know he still survives and is mending, though rather slowly.

years earlier [by tradition the "frame" was brought from England] and destroyed by fire in July, 1666 [according to a "journal" entry of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet].

"The present house seems likely, with care, to last another half-century at least. Its frame is massive, of heavy timbers, its walls lined with brick, and its enormous chimney, heavily buttressed, running up through the center, shows in the garret like a fortification. On the lawn in front are two venerable elm trees [since razed], supposed to be as old as the house itself. They are of remarkable size, vigor and beauty."

Here passed her maturer years Anne Dudley Bradstreet, who, "reared amid the refinement and elegances of an English castle (her father, Governor Thomas Dudley, had been steward to the Earl of Lincoln), at the age of eighteen, having been then two years married, came with her husband, Simon Bradstreet, to seek a home in the wilderness of North America." She is reputed to be "the *first* American poetess," and spoken of by Edward Phillips, nephew of the poet Milton, as "the tenth muse sprung up in America." Here were born her last three, of eight, children; she probably lies buried in the old cemetery across the lawn. (Among her descendants may be named William Ellery Channing, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips and Richard Henry Dana.)

After the death of Col. Dudley Bradstreet, the house was purchased for the residence of Rev. Thomas Barnard, the parsonage having burned in 1707. Rev. John Barnard, his successor, also lived here, where were probably born his sons, the Revs. Edward and Thomas Barnard. Rev. William Symmes, D. D., succeeded to possession and here reared his son, the first lawyer of Andover, William Symmes, Esq. Hon. John Norris, an associate founder of Andover Theological Seminary, then purchased it for a summer residence. Thereinafter for some years lived the widow of General Parks. Then "Master Simon Putnam" had his boarding-school; in evidence, witness the abiding window panes, showing diamond-cut autographs, and the couplet,—

"Stranger, these tainted walls depart,
Within are fetters to a freeman's heart!"

It is suggestive, indeed, that within these "walls" (hallowed beyond all others by local history) should be born Andover's crowning historian, Miss Sarah Loring Bailey,* whose family, headed by Hollis Bailey, Esq., a reputable attorney of Boston, are its present occupants.

Col. Dudley Bradstreet (third son, and seventh child, of Gov. Simon Bradstreet, who died at the remarkable age of 94) was born at North Andover about 1648; was made a freeman 1674, for many years selectman and town clerk, representative to General Court 1677, 1690 and 1691, a colonel of militia, named by King James II. as assistant to Gov. Joseph Dudley, member of the

*This gifted woman and indefatigable worker doubtless shortened her life by arduous application in preparing her able treatise upon one of New England's most interesting ancient towns. She passed away in September, 1896, only a few days after the Tyler family reunion. The writer (unwittingly) called to critically view the house and premises on the very eve of reception by the inmates of this saddest news; nevertheless, with Christian fortitude and exceeding kindness, they insisted upon showing and explaining their home to the enquiring genealogian. The Tyler kindred cannot but lament the early decease of one whose choicest powers were so largely expended (in the said "Sketches") in preserving records relative, and calling attention to numerous places and matters of superlative import in the Tyler annals.

Council of Safety 1689, and for many years a magistrate; was a most conspicuous figure in the "witchcraft" persecutions, and the first person to breast and mark a turning point to that dreadful delusion. He married Ann (*nee* Wood), widow of Theodore Price, by whom he had the following children:

1. Rev. Dudley, graduate of Harvard 1698, minister to Groton, Mass., died in England (*childless*) in 1714, after being ordained in Episcopal form.

2. Ann, born 1681, *died the same year.*

3. *Margaret*, born 19 February, 1674, who married JOB TYLER (son of "Quartermaster" Moses, son of Job, the immigrant) and had issue:

1. Dudley Tyler, who, in the famous Brocklebank mansion of Georgetown, Mass., became the first Tyler innkeeper.

2. William Tyler, who early removed to Willington, Conn. (from whom the writer is descended.)

3. Margaret Tyler, who married Zebediah Foster and had a family of nine children.

4. Job Tyler, who remained in the ancient haunts, where many of his descendants abide at this day.

5. Asa Tyler, who left numerous descendants in Connecticut and New York.

6. Hannah Tyler, who married John Spofford, of Rowley, Mass., and had eleven children.

7. Lucy Tyler, who married Ebenezer Wallis, of Boston.

8. Nathaniel Tyler, who is not mentioned in his father's will, and so probably died young, as nothing further is known of him.

N. B. It will thus be seen that the *only living descendants* of Col. Dudley Bradstreet, son of Governor Simon Bradstreet, son-in-law of Governor Thomas Dudley, are those tracing through the children of his daughter "Margaret," by her husband, "Job Tyler." It is remarkable, as will be seen by the Tyler Family History when published, how pertinaciously the names Bradstreet and Dudley have clung as "given" names to the descendants of the said "Margaret and Job."

Job Tyler was "Administrator *de bonis non*" (i. e., of the goods *not previously*, by former administrators, *administered upon*) of his father-in-law, Col. Dudley Bradstreet, as appears from Salem Probate Records, Case No. 3068.

"Admo. De Bonis non) Coll Dudley Bradstreet.

"Essex SS. Ipswich, July 28, anno Do—1715.

"Letter of Admo (De Bonis) on ye Goods & Estate of Collo Dudley, Esqr Late of Andover Decd Intestate. The former Administrator being Dismissed Is Granted unto Job Tyler In Right of his Wife Margarett Bradstreet Daughter of ye said Decd—he having given Bond* To Admr according to Law—To Exhibitt an Inventory & Render Accounts Att or before ye first Mondy of December next Ensuing.

"DANL ROGERS Regr JOHN APPLETON."

Previous to this, it is interesting to note certain receipts which had passed in settling said estate:

"Andover March 7th 1708 | 9.

"Received of Capt Benjamin Stevens Administrator to the Estate of Collonel Dudley Bradstreet Esqr late of Andover Deceased, the sum of Eight

*The "bond" was in the sum of £400, with "John Eams, of Boxford, and John Rogers, saddler, of Ipswich, sureties."

pounds, in part of what is due to me the Subscriber from said estate, I say received by me. (Signed) JOB TYLER."

Also,

"Andover May the third Seventeen hundred and nine

"Then Received of Capt Benjamin Stevens of the Town abovesaid In the County of Essex in New England: Administrator to the Estate of Collonll Dudley Bradstreet Late of Andover deceased The Just Sum of Twentye Six pounds of Currant Lawfull Silver money of New England pr order from Madom bradstreet Relick widdow of the Said Collonll Dudley bradstreet in part of what was allowed to her by the Judge of probate in the settlement of Said Estate

"I Say Received by-me--

"Job Tyler of boxford in the County afforesaid. Son in Law to Madom bradstreet aforesaid: as in witness wheareof I have hereunto Set my hand and Seall the day and year abovesaid.

(Signed) "JOB TYLER." (Wax seal.)

"QUARTERMASTER" MOSES TYLER'S GRAVE.

This spot is peculiarly interesting, being the place of interment of the immigrant Job's eldest son. (It is altogether safe to assume that Job's last resting place cannot now be identified.) It is located near the north wall of the old North Andover burying-ground, about opposite the center of the cemetery, under the drooping west boughs of a giant spruce, which here in numbers have been allowed to attain unusual size, and add a weird attractiveness to their surroundings. The patient seeker will be rewarded by the sight of a venerable slab, whose thickness suggests importation from England, after the custom of early times. Though eroded and cracked by the elements for nearly two centuries, it is still distinctly legible, and retains with wonderful exactness all its essential details, even of quaint ornamentation. More ornate than most of its fellows, with tracery, foil and courses, it must have been an envy in its day. In its center chief is an effigy, which fancy translates to represent a winged cherub (common on ancient slabs), but so primitive in execution as vividly to suggest the craft of contemporary Indians. The inscription (and let him who seeks to read the stone beware of poison ivy) runs as follows:

HERE LYES BURIED
the BODY OF Mr.
MOSES TYLER WHO
DIED OCTOBER Ye 2nd
1727 & IN the
86 YEaR OF HIS AGE.

("Mr." was then a title of dignity. Though Moses was "Quartermaster"—i. e., custodian of ancient munitions of war—it was not so blazoned on the monument; yet we notice another slab within the enclosure, which so many long years has "quartermastered" its sleeping tenant waiting for "the last sad trump.")

As this, for many years, was the only burial place for many miles around, it is not unlikely that "Job," the immigrant, and his wife, "Mary," and numerous other Tylers of the first three or four generations, are here entombed. But diligent search revealed to the writer but three other slabs, as follows:

Not far from Moses' grave, and quite near the north wall of the enclosure, is this moss-covered, broken and inclining slab:

HERE LYES BURIED
the BODY OF Mrs
ABIGaIL TYLER
WItH HER CHILD
the WIFe OF Mr
JaCOB TYLER WHO
DIED MaRCH the
25 1722& IN Ye
23 YEAR OF HER AGE.

(It will be noticed that this stone is over five years older than that of Moses: is, in fine, the oldest Tyler stone yet found by us. This stone marks the resting place of the *first* wife of Jacob—son of Moses—whose maiden name was Abigail Kimball. The "child" refers to "Elizabeth," born in 1719, who died 26 April, 1722, succumbing, like her mother, to that dread foe of the early settlers, smallpox. Jacob later married Abigail Foster, and removed to Woburn, Mass., where he was blessed by a posterity.)

The other two slabs are not in the same part of the cemetery, but may be found by returning to the center of the enclosure and walking towards the gate, a little on the left hand side, the slabs presenting their *un*inscribed sides towards the beaten path.

HERE LYES Ye BODY
OF Mrs ABIGaIL TYLER
WIFE TO Mr JACOB TYLER
JUNr WHO DIED JUNE 9th
1752 IN Ye 26th YEAR OF
HER AGE
SHE LEFT TWO CHILDREN

(This is the mound of Abigail Bridges, *first* wife of Jacob Tyler, son of Jacob, son of Moses, whose home was Haverhill, Mass., and who married for a second spouse Lydia Varnum. The "two children" referred to were Abigail, who married John Pearson, and Jacob [3d], who married Ruth Marsh and settled in Methuen, Mass., where he had a large family, whose descendants, however, have, in numbers, disappointingly dwindled.)

This is the legend of the last slab:

MEMENTO MORI
IN MEMORY OF Mr
JOHN TYLER (SON OF Mr
JaCOB & Mrs LYDIa TYLER)
WHO DIED AUGUST THE 16th
AD. 1784 IN THE 29th YEaR
OF HIS AGE

(This is a son of the said Jacob Tyler and Lydia Varnum, who probably died unmarried.)

The reader may be further interested to read a few facts about this place of Tyler sepulcher, one of the oldest in the old commonwealth, which have been, for the most part, extracted from Miss Bailey's "Sketches."

The first settlers, after the English custom, made their burial place close by the meeting house. (The modern church edifice, which has changed its location to some short half-mile farther east, has its cemetery likewise contiguous.) It is in the center of a half-rural picture, to find a more inviting prospect than which, the eye must seek in vain. To the south, within a stone's throw, is the old Phillips manse, always famed and finally glorified by the residence of the Rev. Phillips Brooks. To the north, also within easy distance, is the magnificent old Kittredge mansion,* where, generations long, dwelt a race rich with its storied annals, while across the road, upon the west, rises the Governor Bradstreet house, surmounted by giant buttressed chimney bulwark of strength, which for nigh two and a-half centuries has braved the assaults of man and nature, as interesting a chapter of Massachusetts Bay Colony history as stands to-day.

The earliest headstones are severely simple, often surmounted by an emblem—a winged cherub—seldom by skull and crossbones. In 1880, only two stones prior to 1700 were legible, the older being that of "John Stevens" (an ancient prominent family), who died "April 11, 1662." About 250 stones then bore date between 1700-1800; about 80 between 1800–1825; four or five from 1825–1855; only one since 1855.

Probably the first soldier-victim, Joseph Abbot (who fell 18 April, 1676, defending self and brother from savages), lies within. Certainly do two Revolutionary Colonels, James Frye and Samuel Johnson, also Doctors John Kittredge and Ward Noyes, officers in the ancient French and Indian Wars. Rises still the stately tomb, and imposing, of Hon. Samuel Phillips. Probably Rev. Francis Dane (the second minister) is here reposing; for a surety are Revs. Thomas and John Barnard, and William Symmes (the third, fourth and fifth ministers, respectively).

And yet, the ground was not adorned or beautified; hardly even guarded from a desecration short of actual destruction. So late as 1830 sheep fed there:

"*Voted*, that the burying-ground shall be fed with no other creature than sheep."

Also (curious "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!")

"*Voted*, that the parish committee agree with the sexton, and *Dispose* of the Apples and Feed in the burying-ground *to the best advantage*."

Of singular burial customs we instance these:

Down to 1797 (when the first hearse of the town was ordered built in Salem) the bier was carried, often miles, by the bearers from the home to the grave, the bearers receiving a keepsake, and returning to the house for food and drink, evidently needed. In 1720 the Rev. Mr. Phillips thought it necessary to rebuke from the pulpit the free use of strong liquors on such occasions.

Lit by this ancient light, may we not mentally journey in that mournful procession of our great ancestor, Moses, "October Ye 2nd. 1727," or two or three days after (whichever); keep step with those (who?) who bore the heavy corse that long three miles from "Captain John's" upon their brawny shoulders? Ah, yes, in a measure! But such inviting theme, involving so transcendant mysteries, better fits, than the historian, the poet.

---

*The shockingly neglected condition of this old burying-ground was in recent years changed to inviting antiquity, by the interested thoughtfulness of a daughter of this house, who secured contributions to lay a neatly substantial wall and gate, and within produce a renaissance, for which she deserves (and receives, though unknowingly) the benedictions of grateful visitors.

CAPT. JOHN TYLER'S HOME.

This is the most ancient family seat of the Tylers thus far identified in Essex County (Mass.), the old home of immigrant Job 1640. Job's house must have been among the first built in North Andover (he mortgaged his "house and barn" in "1650," and land "fenced and unfenced,") but has not been located, and may never be.

The eldest son of Job, "Quartermaster" Moses, settled upon the "Captain John" place (where father Job *probably* passed some later years of *his* life), and was thus one of the first settlers of West Boxford (contiguous to northerly North Andover). The house at present standing (that is, the *rear part*) was built by Moses' son, Capt. John Tyler, *probably* about the time of Moses' death, 1727. Though some "bricks" have recently been found buried in the present driveway, which would appear to locate the old fireplace of Moses at a few rods to the east of the present dwelling: and it is not at all unlikely, that when the first house was abandoned for purposes of living, it continued to be used as a storehouse, until it finally passed off the scene in decay. It must have been a very simple structure, judging from reports of the typical first settler's cabin.*

The present imposing country house is due to the kindly efforts of Gideon Tyler, son of Capt. John, who succeeded to the premises upon his father's death. The presence of *three* chimneys (very unusual in so old a dwelling) is accounted for by this interesting bit of history: Gideon had two daughters, Mehitable and Anna (commonly called "Hitty" and "Nanny"), who died aged spinsters, both in September, 1833, at 84 and 80, respectively. Gideon (with a paternal kindness worthy of later day imitation) built for these the west ell, with a single room upstairs and down, where for long years, in well-ordered privacy, they lived comfortably and happily. Upon their deaths, the rooms were closed, and have ever since remained unoccupied.

Capt. John's "rear rooms" are very well preserved and quaint, being quite low-posted, with heavy beams exposed to view, and the poem of a cozy fireplace, identical line for line with "The days of auld lang syne." In the front room, too, is a time-honored hearthstone, wherefrom rises the flames of domestic joys upon inclement days.

When in 1800 Gideon died, his eldest son, John, fell heir to the old place; upon whose demise, in 1823, his daughters, Mehetable and Mercy, succeeded to possession. Mercy lived to so recently as 1880, "singly" (and it would also appear *singularly*) "blessed," to her eighty-seventh year. Mehetable survived

---

*Of the many Tylers who have lived in this dear old home, none has left a memory more quaintly attractive than "Aunt Prue," who was herein born, where she passed away at the remarkable age of 100. She was to have been wed in younger days, and the visitor is shown a Bible, the gift of her betrothed; though she did not marry him, nor did she pine away, one may easily see how dear he was in memory—very unusual memory of a love affair that could survive through more than the divinely allotted "three score and ten." Capt. John's will provided a room for her "on the lower floor" of his house; she had kept house for him, after his wife died in 1745, until he himself left eleven years later. Gideon, who succeeded Capt. John, also died four years before "Aunt Prue." She is buried near by, in the old West Boxford cemetery. Let all Tylers who pass this mound think kindly benediction towards a faithful kinswoman, who longer than any other was familiar to these beloved accustomed paths and haunts.

until 1891, aged ninety-three. Her husband was Capt. Enoch Wood (descendant of an ancient Essex County family), who left (among others) a daughter, Rebecca Tyler Wood, and a son, John Tyler Wood, born in 1830 and 1831 respectively, who carry on the premises in the old God-fearing way. Having no living descendants, who shall inherit the old landmark when they shall have gone to their long rest?

The following interesting passage is taken from Abbot's History of Andover:—

"When a person moved into town, land was sold him by the town, and he became a "commoner" or proprietor. Grants were made by the vote of the town, and all freeholders were voters. Portions of land necessary for settlers were set off from time to time to individuals in proportion to expenses, or taxes, paid by each, and their divisions recorded in the town book. It was thus to 1715, when the proprietors, as distinct from the town corporation, began their records as proprietors.

"*The first house lots were small; few exceeded ten acres. Wood, plough and swamp lands (the last for hay) were distant and granted in small lots. As a result, few large modern farms are compact.*"

In literal verification of which, it is permitted us to study "The Homestead of the Tylers," as given in the "Valuation Book 1799."

"John Tyler Chaise House 8x15	Dwelling House 45x18 and 35x19 2 Stories high (500 or 550) Windows	394 panes of glass 7x9 3 Chimneys

"One acre an ½ valued therewith bounded Northerly by the County Road.

"One Barn 69x30 Cider House 20x28 One Shop 14x18 One Barn 41x30	One Farm bounded Northerly by the County Road, Easterly by John Kimball Nathan Kimball and others, Southerly by Stiles Pond, so called, Westerly by Tyler Porter Ephraim Foster Johathan Foster and Others,—130 acres —last mentioned Barn standing on the above —16 dollars per acre.

"One lot of Woodland bounded Westerly and Southerly by Ephraim Foster, Easterly by Amos Spofford and Abraham Tyler, 30 acres, 20 dollars per acre.

"One tract of Mowing and Woodland bounded Southerly by the County Road, Westerly by Nathan Barker and Stephen Tyler, Northerly by Samuel Spofford and others, Easterly by Nathan Kimball and others, 70 acres, 19 dollars per acre. First barn standing on the same.

"One tract of Meadow land known by the Name of the Great Meadows, 20 ——4 dollars per acre.

"One tract of Meadow and Wood lying in Andover known by the name of shoe meadow, 10 acres——

"One lot of Thatch bank in Rowley, known by primes Island,—5 acres—,"

Thus we see "the lay" of a conspicuously large old Essex farm, divided among three townships (West Boxford, Andover and Rowley), scattering over *several miles* of surface; *seven* parcels in all, aggregating 266½ acres, showing the ancient divisions into "House lot, wood, plough and swamp land," and otherwise characteristic of the specifications set out by brother Abbot.

THE UNDERSIGNED is preparing to publish, in three volumes, a complete **TYLER FAMILY HISTORY,** to include all of the name to be found in the United States during the past 250 years. It is anticipated more than 30,000 will therein find permanent record. Of this number 5,000 have been correctly traced the past year. Will you help to do as much in 1897?

If your family record is essential to the thorough accomplishing of this great undertaking, it is hoped you will give it early attention.

Births, marriages and deaths (in all cases with dates), occupations and residences are of the greatest importance, but anything of general interest will be welcomed, also brief sketches of those attaining any distinction. That you may be correctly identified, run your direct Tyler line back as far as you can, giving names of ancestors and places of residence; then give full details of your immediate family. Any form of reply will do, only let it be full and explicit.

Please answer promptly!

Faithfully,

W. I. TYLER BRIGHAM,

CHICAGO, ILL.

...THE...

SECOND MEETING

OF THE

TYLER FAMILY ASSOCIATION

WILL BE HELD AT

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1897.

Yourself and Tyler friends are cordially invited.

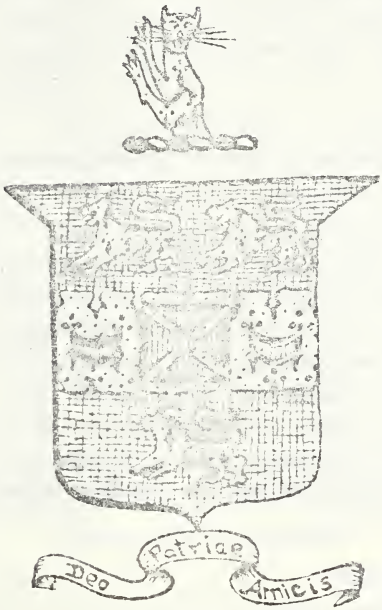
OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

SECOND GENERAL

AMERICAN TYLER FAMILY

GATHERING



HELD AT

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

August 25, 1897.

EDITION LIMITED. PRICE 50 CENTS.

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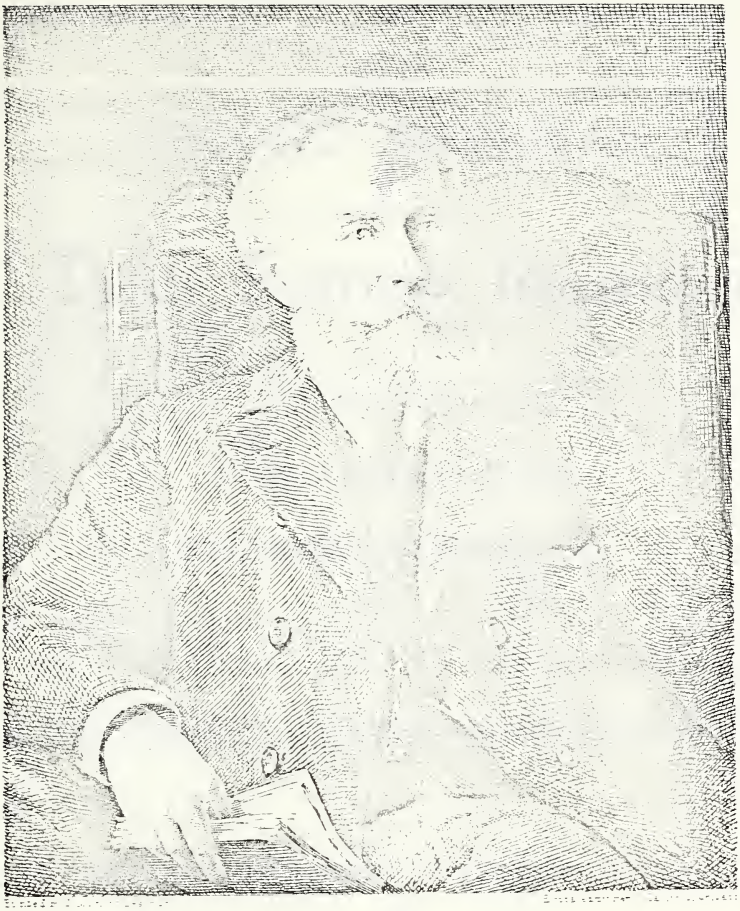

Moses Coit Tyler.

Engd for the Tyler Family History

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OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

SECOND AMERICAN

Tyler Family Reunion

HELD AT

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1897

To be faithful to ourselves, we must keep our ancestors and posterity within reach and grasp of our thoughts and affections —DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY

WILLARD I. TYLER BRIGHAM, Esq.

Member New England Historic Genealogical Society,
Corresponding Member Maine Genealogical Society,
State Historic Society of Wisconsin,
Member Gov. Thomas Dudley Family Association,
Tyler Family Historian, Etc., Etc.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1898

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MORNING SESSION.

Upon Wednesday, August 25, 1897, there assembled at New Haven, Conn., over two hundred members of the American Tyler kindred to celebrate their clan's second annual reunion. They represented (by actual residence) the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Texas, District of Columbia, Michigan and Illinois.

As early as eight o'clock in the morning persons began to assemble at "Warner Hall" (the finest in the city and directly opposite Vanderbilt Hall, Yale College campus), before whose portal all day long swung in the breeze "Old Glory," with "TYLER" in conspicuous characters.

After registering and exchanging fraternal greetings, the party proceeded to the contiguous Hyperion Theatre, which had been engaged for morning exercises.

After an impressive invocation by Prof. Henry M. Tyler, A. M., of Smith College, the following hymn, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Charlotte L. (Tyler) Kilby, Brooklyn, N. Y., was sung by the congregation to the air "America."

We gather on the spot
Where patient sires have wrought
Right royally.
For us they braved the foe,
On us they did bestow
A name, to which we owe
Our loyalty.

May their pure nobleness
And simple righteousness
To all descend.
Their watchword may it bless
And yield us true success,—
"*Deo, Patriae, Amicis*,"—
Till life shall end.

Thereupon followed a very happy address of welcome by chairman *pro tem.*, Harvey G. Shepard (descendant of old Branford, Conn., Tyler stock), to-wit:

I cannot offer you the keys of our city, for we have none, but I bid you a hearty welcome. Our doors and our hearts are always open to good people whencesoever they come. The Tyler family is especially a representative American family, and includes all classes and grades of citizens. We Tylers occupy places of high rank in business, in educational circles, and, in fact, in every honorable walk of life. Socially, we reach from the white house to the poorhouse; we are conspicuous in all the relations of life except in the annals of crime. I believe that no Tyler has ever been hanged, but whether because they did not deserve it or because they were lucky enough to escape the ordeal, I cannot say. You will find much here in New Haven to interest you. If you see anything you want, take it. The police have been instructed not to molest you unless you attempt to take more than you can carry. Visit our beautiful parks and praise their loveliness, for that will please us. Again, I heartily welcome you all.

A genial current of good humor thus evoked mollified keen disappointment awaked by the announcement that Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, Esq. (of Bangor, Me.), the selected chairman of the day, had been unavoidably detained away. Applause of the audience, which followed the calling of Hon. Eliphalet W. Tyler (of New York City) to the chair was fore-warranted by the able manner in which the arduous functions of presiding officer were by him performed *ex tempore* throughout the day.

An abridged report of the previous meeting held at North Andover, Mass., recited the published "Official Report," wherein might be read verbatim full record of proceedings.

Then followed the historical article upon the early Connecticut Tylers, prepared by the family historian, Willard I. Tyler Brigham, Esq., of Chicago, at whose request the production was very kindly and efficiently read by Rollin U. Tyler, Esq., of Tylerville, Conn.

DEAR KINSFOLK:

For the second time a representative gathering of the great American clan Tyler is met at an early place of Tyler settlement. While most of our few hours shall rightfully be spent in the delights of fraternal friendship, it is proper that we spend a few moments in retrospective thought concerning anterior times and persons, but for which we could not be here on this memorable day.

Some will regret that the writer has not thought best to take a projected trip to Great Britain this passing summer to ascertain what might be learned concerning our transatlantic brethren, and the precise relationships between our American Tyler branches and the British kindred. While this pilgrimage is delayed (not by any means abandoned), the time is being put to good use in corresponding with some foreign residents familiar with methods of English antiquarian research, and knowing to the entire places of deposit of public records, which must be found and examined; being probably the only extant evidence by which to indubitably prove our race links, if indeed such proof be now wholly possible. In some directions we already have assurances of ultimate success.

Let us not be either too hasty or too sanguine. It has often proved very difficult to satisfactorily trace to England a family tree of but *one* American branch and surely to re-engraft it upon its ancient parent-stock. How much more difficult the task to solve some *dozen* Tyler riddles of this nature? Let us be patient.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today."

By another summer we hope to have become sufficiently informed of preliminaries to warrant a trip abroad, under reasonable presumption of being able, within a certain time, to accomplish a fairly good portion of the results so ardently desired.

As offset to this temporary nonaccomplishment, it is gratifying to contemplate the 5,000 additional Tylers (living and dead) which the past year has seen added to our great American clan muster roll. Involving, as it has, months of labor and the writing of several thousands of letters, there is not wanting a sense of having merited in some degree a successful year's campaign.

Following our last year's reunion at North Andover, the writer spent the succeeding three months in New England and New York, note book and camera in hand, during which time he visited scores of places of Tyler interest, researched among ancient (in many cases half obliterated) records, took mental views as well as numerous photographs of many a sacred spot—all intended to adorn the pages of Tyler Family History. This trip, which covered not less than 2,000 miles' travel, was much enjoyed, and we trust will be welcomed by the whole clan when the full result is issued from the press.

Immediately preceding this reunion the writer took a month's bicycle trip through Maine, to locate and bring to light Tylers and their records in the "Down East" country. Though the roads were hilly and much of the time the weather rainy, very gratifying work was accomplished. Indeed, but one regret tarries in memory of those too-rapidly passed weeks, the regret that the Great Fire of Portland in 1866 destroyed, down to that date, all its Probate records, including much valuable Tyler data, which we fear cannot otherwise be reclaimed.

Well, here we are to-day. So let us turn our thoughts for a little to the Tyler history touching New Haven and its vicinity; for we find early Tyler records, not only at New Haven, but at Milford, Derby, Wallingford and Branford, lying, respectively, southwest, west, north and east of New Haven, each but a few miles distant from the center city which they encircle, wherein all their early probate records are to be found.

The earliest settlers of New Haven came mostly from London, England, about 1637; and were "men of wealth, education and influence," facts sufficiently shown by the uninterruptedly honorable career of this city. They bought their lands of the Indians, with whom they were always on friendly terms.

It does not appear how early the Tyler name was introduced into the colony. Probably the first was "Roger Tyler, Senr.," who "dyed Janry 27th, 1673," according to the vital statistics of New Haven, it being the only Tyler

entry on said books down to 1756, which shows how altogether the early generations of this family took up abodes outside the city limits, though in close proximity. Roger was probably a tradesman, hence not socially prominent in a community of such exceptional standing; but in the newer settlements of Wallingford and Branford the Tylers took early high rank, where they have been esteemed among the leading families, and from which scions of note have taken up lasting and prominent abodes within this metropolis of the state.

The inventory of Roger Tyler's estate (most unfortunately he left no will) bears date, "Ye 7th., 12th., 1673," and is an interesting document. Among its items of furniture and linen are: 4 chairs, table, 2 "cubbards," spit & trammels of 120 lbs. weight, "payer of dogs," 2 "payer" pot-hooks, tongs and shovel, warming pan, frying pan, looking glass, 8 "cusheus," 6 beds & bedding and 4 bedsteds; also 2 pair curtains, 7 table cloths, 9 pair sheets, 11 "pillowcoats" and 28 napkins. Surely this remarkable showing for the date (in the absence of any item of land ownership) may well raise a query, was he not an *inn keeper?* The whole appraisement, "errors excepted," was £204:11:05; certainly a good estate, especially for one who, from present inference, died in the prime of life. He owned much live stock, to-wit: 7 cows, 2 3-yr. olds, 3 2-yr. olds, 5 calves, 11 pigs and 13 sheep. Of grain he had garnered 21 bushels of wheat, 8 of summer wheat, 40 of peas, 4 of rye, 60 of "indyan" corn. Of provisions, 3 bbls. pork, "3 *do.* other meats," 10 lbs. butter. Of tableware and utensils, spoons, 6 forks, "several smaller things and pewter," steelyards, bell, 2 skellits, 2 pots, 1 ketle, brasse pan, morter, tubs & trays, chespresse, kneading trough, 2 pair cards, churne, 2 sives, payles & 3 wheels. Of implements and tools he had, sithes and tackling, 4 cart wheels, plows with their irons, 2 shovels, spade, 12 iron rings, cart-rope, 4 axes, chaynes, wedge, handbill, sledge, 5 pesehooks, mortising axe, and other carpenter's tools, payer traces and locke. Of miscellaneous articles of use and luxury, sadle and pilion, fan, 7 yards serge, 14 yds. cloth, wearing cloaths, hatt and hatt-case, 3 caps, boxes, chests, trunks, 6 bags, 20 lbs. "juit" (jute), 3 lbs. cotton wool, 16 lbs. yarne. Yes, and think of it, inventorying in an estate, "1 lb. old iron, fo(u)r buttens," and "90 foot of bord!" Lastly, we must not overlook the "bible" (though spelled with a small b), and "other books," showing him to have been not only a worthy Puritan, but a man of letters and education probably.

Concerning this "bible," I must say a few words. There is an aged antiquarian in Manchester, Conn., by the name of Taintor, who claims to have owned this Roger Tyler Bible, and that it was what is called a "Britches" Bible (now grown to be rare and valuable), so called from the fact of our first parent being represented as wearing a pair of trousers in the garden of Eden. When Mr. Taintor owned it, his recollection is that it contained *Roger Tyler's ancestry.* Because of its great value in establishing facts in my researches, I have used considerable time and diligence in tracing it up, for Mr. Taintor long since sold it to a minister of the Gospel, who in turn years ago pledged it to a friend, who (as the pledge was never redeemed) still has possession of it, at Cohoes, N. Y., where he is superintendent in a mill. But, alas! whatever this Tyler record was, it is gone forever; torn out, lost, destroyed, we shall never know; wherefore it follows, we must seek elsewhere, across the water, for Roger Tyler's antecedents.

Concerning his descendants (while I will not at this time speak absolutely), there are reasons for our inferring that he left such. First, his being called

"senior," as there was *another* Roger Tyler of the next generation, at Wallingford, we might assume he was a son. Second, there were early "Roger" Tylers among the Branford stock (*not* Roger *junior's* descendants); which suggests our asking, were they not near relatives (perhaps descendants) of Roger of New Haven? Third, among the court proceedings of New Haven, 1658, one William Tyler (of whom more anon) is spoken of as a "*young*" man. We know of no one, save Roger, in the colony who could be thought of as William's father. Without dwelling on speculation, let us proceed along grounds more tangible.

Concerning the other early Roger Tyler (whom we must call junior) only meager facts are obtainable. His name is on the list of original proprietors of Wallingford, 1667, where he married, 10 January, 1698, Sarah Humiston (descended of an early New Haven family). We opine this to have been a second marriage, or that he married late in life, for if he was of age to be a Wallingford proprietor in 1667, he must have been born about 1645, which would make him over 50 at the time of this marriage; perhaps this late marriage will account for the lack of male descendants, of whom he seems to have left none. From a most interesting deed upon the New Haven land records (Vol. 7, p. 53) dated 26 April, 1725, we are permitted certainly to learn that he was a "weaver," and that he had a "son, James Humiston," to whom he had given land. Now one of two alternatives seems inevitable; either Roger Tyler had a daughter who married this "James Humiston," or this so-called "son" was a son of "Sarah Humiston" *by a former marriage*, who in such case must have been a *widow* when Roger married her. We are inclined to this latter belief, though admitting the easy possibility of Roger having had a daughter (after his marriage in 1698) who might have grown up and married, and her husband been given lands by Roger before 1725. We hope for further light.

The land sold by Roger in deed, *supra*, was "13 acres——partly in New Haven & partly in Wallingford," and was bounded south by land he had given his said son, north by Wharton's Brook and partly by "Divident line between New Haven and Wallingford." The consideration was £37 paid by Isaac Curtis, of Wallingford. One witness was "John *Humarstone*," probably a relative of "James *Humiston*." No wife joins in the deed, so we might infer Roger was a widower at the time. We do not find any probation of his estate, and are ignorant of even the date of his demise; but believe him to have died childless and his line become extinct. Howbeit, he was at least true to the good old Tyler trait, *longevity;* for we can reckon eighty years to his credit.

We will next consider William Tyler, who has many living descendants, some of whom are with us to-day. In the New Haven Colonial Records (Vol. 1639–49, p. 210) we find "Willm Tyler" among the "Names of Persons that have taken the Oath of Fidellitie are entered in fo: 89; and follow as hereafter —— ye 7th., 2d., mo. 1657." This was a good beginning, but we find in the very next volume (p. 325), "At a Court held at New Haven first Feb., 1658, Wm. Tyler (and two others) warned to court on complaint against these *young* men —— concerning slandrous report" about the "daughter of John Thomas, wife of Wm. Wilmot," as to her refusal to perform wifely duties, etc. "Wm. Tyler acknowledged that so far as he was faulty therein, he was sorry for it, and confessed that it was a slander of the wife of Wm. Wilmot and that he had no ground so to report of her." On consent of the father the case was

dropped, but the "young men" were enjoined by the court to "make acknowledgment of their evil" to the parents of the girl.

(They say "*Every* house has *a* skeleton." So we trust this will be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the younger generation of this day.) William Tyler became a respected citizen of Milford, Conn., where he married a Miss Terrill and had a family of boys and girls, and when he died (intestate) left an estate inventoried "febrry. 8th, 1692-93," at £348:15:08, which included "housing & lands," appraised at £295, guns and sword, wheat upon the ground, tobacco (probably in the pouch), silver money in shillings, etc., etc. As we have already suggested, he might have been a son of Roger Tyler; if he was "young" in "1658," yet old enough in "1657" to have taken oath of fidelity, he must have been born about 1635; and if he died in 1692 he was near to sixty years of age.

Of his family, space permits mentioning of the daughters but one. Sarah, who died a spinster in 1697, and left an estate of £27:03:02, with "£9 odd money to be added," in which her brothers and sisters shared equally. He left also three sons: Thomas, John and William, Jr., all born in Milford.

(1.) The son *Thomas* moved a few miles (they had no railways in those days) to Derby, Conn., where in 1702, in the division of "Camp's Mortgage" lands, he, as one of the fifty-two proprietors, drew the "37th lot." He died a bachelor, 12 March, 1704, and his brother William was appointed administrator. His estate appraised £92:18:07, where we notice, as indicative of possible occupation, "Cooper's tools, ware and timber; likewise a "bible, tobacco and box, hook & line, gun, powder and bullets, 5 pound of candles, house & home lott," etc.

(2.) William's son, *John*, moved early to Wallingford, where he married, 14 January, 1694, Abigail Hall (descendant of an old New Haven family), with whom he lived almost a half century, as she died 20 November, 1741, a few days after the decease of her husband, whose loss was mortal to her. In John's will, dated 4 November, 1741, and probated in December following, he appoints his sons Nathan and John executors of an estate of £474:13:10, showing many items of interest, had we time to dwell upon them, and exhibiting him to be quite a land holder as well as possessed of an unusual number of house furnishings and conveniences. We specify one item of the inventory: "A Sabbath Day house and ye land it stands on, £6." Verily the "slandrous report" in which his sire had been concerned was atoned for. John had eleven children, of whom two died young. Of his daughters: *Esther* married Moses Beach, of Wallingford, to whom she bore six children; *Hannah* married Maycock Ward, whose descendants, if any, I have not traced as yet; *Abigail* married Samuel Andrews, of Wallingford, to whom she bore eight children; and *Experience*, who is mentioned in her father's will as single, and who receives legacies "In consideration of her Long Continuance & Serviceableness in ye family." Of the sons: *Nathan* had a wife, Rachel, who died at Cheshire, Conn., aged forty-four, by whom he had six children, but as the two sons died young his male line is extinct; *Thomas* had a wife, Lydia, who bore him six children, one only (*Reuben* by name) being a son; *John* married (1) Phœbe Beach and (2) Mary Doolittle (both descended, of old colony families) and had six children, of whom two were sons and very prominent men indeed in their day and generation. Of these, the older, *Col. Benjamin Tyler*, was a mill-builder, who

early removed to Claremont, N. H., where he was a very considerable personage, and left a numerous posterity (as somewhat at length set out on page 19 of my printed report of the first Tyler Reunion). His younger brother, *Rev. John Tyler* went to London, England, where, by the bishop of that city he was ordained in the established church, and, returning to Norwich, Conn., officiated in the highest worthiness as rector of Christ Church from 1768–1823 (as might be studied more at length in Calkin's valuable history of that city). He left but one son, Samuel, long a prominent man and druggist in his native town, whose male descendants are now domiciled at Richmond, Va.

Continuing with John Tyler, Senior's, sons: *Isaac* married Susannah Miles, who had twelve children, of whom the goodly number seven were sons. *Joseph* had a wife, Mehitable, who seems to have borne but one child (*Sybil*, who married Benjamin Cook); this son died before his father, in whose will is the item, to the "*Heirs* of my *son Joseph*, ——— *nothing*," because he had *previously* had his "full portion."

(3.) The third and last son of William Tyler, of Milford, was *William, Jr.*, who married at Derby, 3 June, 1692, Mary Lothrop, who died 11 Mch., 1754. From the History of Derby we learn that "William Tyler, Jr., sould to Ebenezer Johnson, of Derby, a black horse with a white face, two wall-eyes, three white feet and dockt, branded upon the left buttock with W. T., upon the left shoulder with M." (We insert it as the most important piece of information we have preserved of him in that municipality.) He moved to Wallingford, where he seems to have been the first inhabitant by the name. In company with Samuel Stanley, in 1703, he bought the mill of the town (buying out his partner the following year), which remained in the family several generations, *his grandson Samuel* being the last male Tyler to own it, who died in 1823, aged eighty-eight. Around these mills grew up quite a village, long known as "*Tyler's Mills;*" but when the mills passed into the possession of the Yale family, the name was changed to Yalesville, by which the place is at present identified upon the maps. He had ten children, of whom but one died young. Of the daughters: *Mary* married Francis Sedgwick; *Martha* married Jacob Francis, while the sisters *Sarah* and *Phebe* are untraced. Of the sons: *Samuel* married Jerusha Sedgwick, of Hartford, by whom he had ten children, seven being sons, of whom *Lathrop* and *Daniel* were noted mill-builders of their native place; *Ephraim* married Elizabeth De Wolf; then there were *Abiah* and *Asa*, whose careers are in present obscurity; nor have we found any probation of their parent's estate.

At this stage we are warned how little time we can reasonably claim to treat of the Branford branch, though briefly; yet we must say something of them especially since the Tylers making the most conspicuous showings in New Haven come of this stock. *Charles*, *Peter*, *Francis* and *George* were the earliest Tylers of Branford.

Of *Charles* we learn from the Colonial Records of Connecticut (Vol. VI, p. 252), that upon request of the selectmen of Branford, the court empowers them, with the advice and assistance of Peter and Francis Tyler, to make sale of Charles' house and barn and one-half acre of home lot, for payment of his debts and further maintenance, as he has been for some time and "still remains a distracted man." Of his two ascertained children, *Benjamin* and *Bezaleel*, *only the latter had a family*. He moved to Sharon in northwestern Connecticut,

where he had quite a family of children, several of whom died young or childless; yet he has a considerable posterity, some of whom in other parts of our great country have attained distinction. Bezaleel, Sr., lies in the old Sharon burying-ground, and on his stone, photographic copy of which the writer has, we read the surviving legend: "In memory of Bezeliel Tyler, Died Aug. ye 29, 1760, in his 77 year."

Concerning *Francis* Tyler, a copy of his will shows execution by "his mark," dated 4 Mch., 1711–12, probated 7 Apr. following, wherein his two sons, *Samuel* and *Nathaniel*, are the legatees and devisees of all his "housings and lands whatsoever;" also "oxen and horses and all husbandry utensils to be divided equally;" his "other children," *Abigail*, *Mary*, *Sarah* and *Anne Tyler*," to have his "remaining estate;" their mother being spoken of as dead, and he makes his brother Peter Tyler, one of his executors and overseers of his children in their "nonage." His estate inventories £162:19:4. Among items are, "his shoemaker's tools, a cutlass, neck cloth, gloves, new shoes, a 'raissour,'" etc. *His only son to have issue was Nathaniel, who moved to Haddam, Conn.*, where have ever since lived those who owned his blood.

Peter Tyler was the most honored of his contemporary kinsmen. He was deputy to the General Assembly in 1703-04, having been "propownded for Freeman" at a court at Hartford as early as "9 May, 1762" (Con'l Recs. Conn., Vol. IV). "March 7th, 1687–8," Peter Tyler is spoken of as one of "seven pillars" on the first entry of the regular church organization at Branford. His will was made 14th Mch., 1712, to which later, on the same day, he affixed a codicil, his wife, Hannah, and son, Peter (Jr.), being named executors, which was probated 7th April following by the widow, from which probation the son Peter appealed at a subsequent date, the appeal being later withdrawn. The estate inventoried £746:19:3, and contains a multiplicity of items, showing him to have possessed in the neighborhood of 500 acres, with common rights to more, with live stock, implements and household goods in proportion. "5 Mch., 1715," the executrix brings in "additional inventory" of over 200 further acres of land (evidently later subdivision of commons), &c., raising the appraisement by £267:14:0, making a sum total of over £1,000, certainly a handsome estate for that day. *The will mentions "my four sons, Peter, John, Ebenezer and Joseph,"* and *daughters, Dorcas, Hannah and Patience (Tyler) Harrison.*

Speaking of the later New Haven Tylers, the following are sprung of Branford origin: *The late Hon. Morris Tyler*, a most valuable citizen of the last generation, very prominent in building the New Haven & Derby Railway, of which he became the president from 1867–74, is in the history of Derby spoken of in the following strain of eulogy: "He was a noble type of American manhood. Without the early aids which arise from inherited wealth, he, by the force of native energy and conscientious industry, acquired the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and filled most important positions in the city of his residence (New Haven) and in the state. He was re-elected to the mayoralty of New Haven and Lieutenant-Governor of the state, besides being connected with many financial and manufacturing corporations in which he was a large stockholder. He died in the midst of his usefulness, leaving to his family and fellow-citizens a reputation for public enterprise and duties well performed,

which they will long remember with honor and affection." *He left two sons, Hon. Morris Tyler,* a leading lawyer and man of affairs, *and William*, a merchant of large enterprise, both residents of this city.

Another dear to memory was *Dr. David Atwater Tyler*, born at Northford, Conn., 10 Nov., 1818, son of Augustus, a farmer, who died when his son was in childhood; thrown upon his own resources he acquired a superior education, studied medicine and took degree of M. D. from Yale in 1844, thereafter opening an office in this city on Wooster Street, where he was a practitioner nearly forty years. He was a specialist in pulmonary diseases, from which he himself suffered and to which he succumbed in his sixty-seventh year, 26 March, 1885, universally esteemed in his profession and beloved for noble traits of manhood. His grandmother Atwater was descended of one of the oldest and most respectable families of this city. He married Elizabeth Maltby, of Northford, who bore him three children: two sons, who died at the respective ages of eleven and thirty-five, extinguishing the bright prospects of a male line; and a daughter, who became the wife of Rev. S. J. Bryant, of West Haven.

Mrs. Dr. Breslin and *Mrs. Charles Peter Clark* (her husband being president of the N. Y. & N. H. R'y) are also present conspicuous Tyler residents of New Haven, though they come of one of the Massachusetts branches of the clan.

We should not forget to mention as coming of Branford, by way of Middlebury, *the late Rev. Bennet Tyler, D. D.*, a man of profound erudition, a president at one time of Dartmouth College, author of several works, founder of what has grown to be the famous Hartford Theological Seminary, out of whose incipient history grew the famous controversy between Tyler and Taylor, which coined into our language the words (in a theological sense) "Tylerism" and "Taylorism."

Another of note in the Catholic world was the *Bishop William Tyler*, son of Noah, son of Col. Benjamin of early Claremont (N. H.) settlement. His father's family all became converted to Catholicism during the famous Barber crusade of that town, and turning nuns or priests, their line became extinct. William was finally educated at Boston, where he was ordained, and though he died before reaching the age of forty, reached the distinction of being the *first* Roman Catholic Bishop of Hartford, which see then included the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island. And here we must tarry our dissertation, with a benediction and the hope that the kinsfolk throughout the country will make steps to furnish their family lineages, that the Tyler Family History, now in course of preparation, may be completed at as early a season as possible.

Lyttleton's choice lyric, "A Dream of Paradise," was soulfully rendered in the rich contralto notes of the distinguished amateur, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, of Washington, D. C.

Then came the treat of the poem, especially composed by Mrs. Kilby,* of Brooklyn, and delivered with exceeding grace and *naivete*

*Mrs. Kilby will have the cordial thanks of this gathering when it is understood that her poem was composed on the spur of the moment. Our regularly appointed poet, Hon. C. B. Tyler, sole survivor of the Rhode Island Senate of 1850, was compelled by age and infirmity at the last moment to forego the intended fulfillment of this function.

by Miss Katherine Hopkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was fresh from her season's work in physical culture at Hollins Institute, Virginia.

THE POEM.

PROLOGUE:

As waves recede from unknown strands,
With rhythmic plash and dash and flow,
Their ever-widening circles grow,
To reach the shores of other lands.
Thus influence is never lost,
For either good or harmful ill,
That which we are is act of will,
Our destiny we must fulfill;
How oft at bitter cost:—
Each lode-star fixed, its pure white light
Should ever hold our wandering gaze,
And guard each soul from perplexed maze;
Still reaching onward up the height,
To keep the beacon shining bright.

Across old ocean's whitening foam,
To unknown shores our forebears came;
Perhaps no thought of earthy fame,
Or sordid hope great wealth to gain,
Their peaceful minds disturbed:
But rather they, with pure desire,
Sought for themselves an altar-fire,
For Temple and for Home.
Their Argosies held gentle deeds,
And victories nobly won;
Well-freighted then to us they come,
As corner-stones to build upon,
Our lives' most precious needs.

As ever runs the legend true,
"The self-same thoughts and actions too,
Of worthy sires we think and do."
Above its source stream ne'er can rise,
So their good gifts are ours to prize;
Each moral battle fought and won,
Transmits its precious influence down
From father unto son.
This heritage of goodly name
Is ours to hold in sacred trust.
Let not the sword in scabbard rust,
But wield it in the cause that's just;
Their deeds of valor claim.

Then, as we meet as kindred dear,
From sunny South to Northland clear,
Hand clasping hand with hearty cheer;
The kindling eye, the glowing face,
Proclaims the brotherhood of race,
Above, beneath, around it all,
("To rise with us, with us to fall,")
Revealed is this reality:—
That we and they were merged and wrought
Into the fabric of God's thought
And His great Personality.

The reports of Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted.

The Family Historian then offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Tyler Family Association, in second reunion assembled at New Haven, Conn., extends to the families of the late Judge Royall Tyler, of Brattleboro, Vt.; of the late John Tyler, Esq., of Claremont, N. H.; of the late Mr. Moses Coburn Tyler, of Salem, Mass.; of the late George F. Tyler, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa.; and of the late Mr. James Tyler, of West Haven, Conn., its sincere sympathy in their hours of bereavement;

Resolved, That this association finds in the lives of said departed kinsmen virtues and characteristics of superior excellence worthy of imitation and perpetual remembrance; and

Resolved, That the secretary of this association engross these resolutions upon the archives of this society and transmit copies of the same to the said families of deceased kinsmen.

Mr. Brigham offered the following amendment to the Constitution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the paragraph of the Constitution of the Tyler Family Association which relates to the number of "patriarchs" and "patriarchesses," be amended so it shall read as follows: "Every male person of Tyler lineage upon reaching the age of eighty (80) years, shall become *ipse facto* a patriarch of this association; and all women of said lineage shall, upon fulfillment of said condition, become patriarchesses."*

It was unanimously agreed that the next meeting of the Tyler Family Association should be held in the city of Boston, Mass., upon the *first Wednesday* (being the seventh day) of September, 1898. [The Family Historian thereafter secured for that meeting Lorimer and Gilbert Halls in Tremont Temple.]

*It is requested that the names of all such living persons be sent in to the Family Historian that they may be entered upon the society records.

*LIST OF NEW (1897) MEMBERS.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Hon. Jesse H. Farwell, Detroit, Mich.
Arthur W. Tyler, Esq., Branford, Conn.
Justin H. Tyler, Esq., Napoleon, Ohio.
John Tyler Wood, West Boxford, Mass.
Mrs. E. O. Tyler Olcott, Norwich, Conn.
Mrs. Welthea Tyler Day, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Abby Gage Davis, North Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Lucy Tyler Bardwell, Springfield, Mass.
Miss Lucette Tyler, Stoneham, Mass.

ANNUAL MEMBERS.

Eliphalet W. Tyler, Esq., New York City.
Henry Dunreath Tyler, Esq., New York City.
Mrs. Lucy H. W. Tyler, New York City.
Mrs. Henry G. Shepard, New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. J. B. McQueen, New Haven, Conn.
Mr. Lemuel Tyler, Jewett City, Conn.
Mr. Anson F. Abbott, Waterbury, Conn.
Mrs. Ella F. Chase, Lynn, Mass.
Miss Eva Sessions Tyler, Westfield, Mass.

Upon motion of Mr. Hopkins, of Brooklyn, a message of greeting was sent to the Stone Family Association, convened upon the same day at Woodmont, Conn., from which fraternal greetings were also received.

After singing "Doxology" the meeting adjourned for noon recess, during which "The Green" and Yale Colleges were visited and a Tyler group picture taken as they stood upon the stone steps of picturesque Osborn Hall.†

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*The following matter, concerning membership and dues, is extracted from the Constitution of the Tyler Family Association: "Any person of Tyler lineage may become a member of the Tyler Family Association by paying a membership fee of one dollar. On years subsequent to joining, all members are expected to pay an annual due of one dollar; but any person paying at one time the sum of five dollars shall become a life member, and not subject to further dues."

Any of the kindred desiring to pay dues or join the family association can at any time communicate with the family Treasurer, Mrs. Larissa C. Ladd, West Boxford, Mass.

†The group, as all who have seen it realize, is very excellent. Further copies thereof can still be obtained at the old price, 50 cents, from the Family Historian.

DINNER SESSION.

At 1:30 o'clock members reassembled in superbly appointed Warner's Hall, which had been decorated with palms and a large Tyler coat-of-arms executed in colors, where a choice *menu* was served in courses by caterer Jensen.

Grace was said by Rev. Prof. Henry M. Tyler, of Smith College.

After dinner the following (among other) letters of regret were read:

LETTERS OF REGRET.

From Prof. Moses Coit Tyler,
President of the Tyler Family Association.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

My Dear Kinsmen:

I am making my arrangements to take a sea voyage soon, and shall be absent from the country till the latter part of September. Almost the only element of regret that I am conscious of in connection with this prospect is that it forbids my presence at the gathering of the great clan of the Tylers at New Haven in August, and my discharge of the official duties to which our gracious cousins elected me at Andover a year ago. I know that you will have a meeting that will do you all good, will make the scattered members of our tribe better acquainted with one another, and will promote a spirit of mutual interest and affection among us, and a deeper desire to keep high the standard of character and conduct on the part of all those who bear the name of Tyler, or in whose veins beats any drop of the Tyler blood. If I may be permitted to do so, I should be glad to send through you my affectionate greetings to all the family, and my best wishes for the success of the meeting.

Let me add, too, the expression of a hope that these annual gatherings, now begun, may not be suffered to lapse for even a single year, and that they may become a permanent institution. When its turn comes, I am sure that Norwich, Conn., will put in its plea for the reunion to be held there—a thing which specially interests me, as that is the neighborhood of my line of the family for the past two hundred years.

One of the most striking results of the Andover meeting was in its developments after the meeting was over in correspondence which has sprung up between scattered members of the tribe previously ignorant of one another's existence. This has also made known the fact of the numerous Tyler homesteads in different parts of the country, some of them very old and rich in tribal associations. I cannot doubt that as the years go on we shall all feel a deeper interest in

these old homes, and a greater desire to keep them permanently within the family, even in cases where we cannot personally live in them more than a few weeks in any one year.

With all good wishes to you personally in your great and difficult work on behalf of the Tylers everywhere, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

To W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq. MOSES COIT TYLER.*

From Dr. Frank Dyer Sanger.

VIII Schlossel-gasse 22 T. 9,

Vienna, Austria, August 2, 1897.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.,

My Dear Sir: I regret exceedingly not to be able to attend the Tyler reunion in New Haven this month as it was my intention, but on the 25th I expect to be in Moscow attending the International Medical Congress, consequently I can only be with you in spirit. Another year I hope to be more fortunate. With many thanks for your invitation, permit me to remain

Yours most sincerely,

DR. FRANK DYER SANGER, of Baltimore, Md.

From Hon. Robert H. Tyler, Member of Congress from Virginia.
(Son of United States President, John Tyler.)

Haymarket, Prince William Co., Va., July 8, 1897.

Mr. W. I. Tyler Brigham,

My Dear Sir: Your postal, notifying me of the reunion of our family at New Haven, Conn., on 25 proximo, just received. The whole of our Virginia branch will be with you "*in spirit*" on that day. Lyon G., of old Williamsburg, will represent us in person. Knowing the Tylers can elicit the maximum of enjoyment from an occasion of the kind I long to be with you.

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*Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, LL.D., L. H. D. (President of the Tyler Family Association, the superb etching of whom appears as a frontispiece herein), was born at Griswold, Conn., 2 August, 1835. Graduating at Yale College in 1857, he there began a course in theology which was finished at Andover, Mass. From 1860 to 1862 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The four following years he spent in England, regaining health and adding knowledge. In 1867 he was appointed English Professor in the University of Michigan, where his courses became very popular. Cornell gave him a call in 1881 to its chair, the Professorship of American History, of which he is the present honored incumbent. In 1883 he was ordained a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Professor Tyler is the author of several well known and valuable works. "The Brawnville Papers" (Boston, 1869), essays upon physical culture, was his first notable venture. "A History of American Literature during Colonial Times" (2 vols., N. Y., 1878); "A Manual of English Literature," jointly with Henry Morley (N. Y., 1879); "Patrick Henry" (in American Statesmen series, Boston, 1887); "Three Men of Letters" (monographs upon George Berkeley, President Dwight and Joel Barlow, N. Y., 1894); and "The Literary History of the American Revolution" (2 vols., N. Y., 1897), completes the list of his greater publications; all being the conscientious product of a thorough learning, which stands approved by the world's most able critics. The author has likewise been a graceful contributor to contemporary literature, especially "The Independent" and "The Nation."

Professor Tyler married, 26 October, 1859, Jeanette H. Gilbert, of New Haven, an accomplished descendant of several of the earliest and most conspicuous families in that commonwealth. Two children have been born unto them: Jessie Gilbert Tyler, who resides with her parents; and Edward Scott Tyler, who is associated with a leading publishing house in New York City.

Please send me a paper describing the memorable reunion. Many thanks for your kind remembrance.

Your friend and kinsman,

ROBERT H. TYLER.

P. S.—This is endorsed by eleven (11) children and one grandchild.

The United States National Bank.

Tyler Woodward, Pres't.

Portland, Ore., August 19, 1897.

Dear Sir and Kinsman:

I had fully intended to be present at the second annual reunion of the Tyler Family, to be held on the 25th inst., at New Haven, Conn. Owing to business matters it will be impossible for me to have the pleasure of meeting with the association. I regret very much that I am unable to join you, and hope to become a member of the association and meet with you at your annual reunions in the near future. Sincerely,

TYLER WOODWARD.

Branford, Conn., August 10, 1897.

My Dear Sir:

I had a few items to add to what I had already given you in regard to the Branford Tylers, which I have given to your other correspondents here, and which I presume you have received.

The state of my health is such that I do not think it expedient for me to attend the Tyler Family reunion at New Haven August 25, but trust you will not fail to visit Branford and call on us. Please let us know a day or two beforehand at what time we may expect to see you, that we may be sure to be at home. Yours truly,

ELI F. ROGERS.

No. 41 E. Catherine St., Ann Arbor, Mich., August 13, 1897.

My Dear Kinspeople:

I regret that age prevents my being with you on the occasion of your reunion, but though I am absent in body I shall be with you in spirit and in interest. I shall be eighty-three years old the 27th of next October, and am still in good enough health to be with you had I an escort to take the place of failing eyesight.

Should any of you chance to come my way, it would be doing me a favor to visit me and report your meeting.

Very truly yours,

FLORELLA TYLER HARRIS.

TOASTS.

"Virginia." Jamestown, 1607, first permanent English-American settlement. Namesake of the "Virgin Queen." "Mother of Presidents." Where Sir Walter enjoyed his first smoke. Here's a health to the F. F. Vs!

President Lyon G. Tyler, William and Mary College, Virginia.

College of William and Mary.
Chartered 1693.

Williamsburg, Va., August 8, 1897.

My Dear Sir:

I have for a long time pleased myself with the hope of being with you at your fine Tyler reunion, but as the day approaches I realize fully the utter impossibility of my being present. I write now to inform you definitely of the fact that I am compelled to be here in Virginia on the day of so much anticipated pleasure. I hope my cousin, Rev. John Poyntz Tyler, will be there to represent the southern branch. You may inform the brotherhood that we are about to nominate J. Hoge Tyler for governor, and his election is assured.

I trust that your reunion will be a great success in all respects, and again assuring you of my regrets,

I am, yours truly,

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq. LYON G. TYLER.

"Our Beloved Kinswomen." "She is there to bid you God speed! and an adieu that hangs like music on your ear, as you go out to the every day labor of life. At evening she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with a day's toil."—*Ik Marvel.*

Henry D. Tyler, Esq., Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Mr. Toastmaster, Beloved Kinswomen and Honored Kinsmen:

Before I respond to the toast, allow me to pay my respects to our good kinsman, Brigham. He is rightly initialed W. I. T., for in corresponding with me during the last six months he has fired at me from his store of ammunition, Greek, Latin and English, a perfect fusillade of wit, which I found hard to reply to. The only way to out-general him will be in the future, say seventy years hence (if we live as long, both will then be condensed Methuselahs), I may steal a march on him then by writing an epitaph on his tombstone, to read something like this:

"W. I. T. B.," Witty, Intelligent Tyler Biographer,
"H. A. R.," He's At Rest.

But some irreverent, antiquarian relic-hunter, not having the fear of our clan before his eyes, might read the initials thus:

W. I. T. B., Where is The Biographer?
H. A. R , He's All Right!

About as ingenious a rendering as a wag, who saw the sign, "Beware of the dog!" wrote underneath, "Ware be the dog?"

However much of a blast I may be tempted to give him now, I am convinced he can bravely endure it, coming as he does from that great, expanding, breezy city of the unsalted sea. It will be a kindness, sure, to remind him of climate and home. He can breathe more freely and natural in native air, therefore it is my duty to give him a whiff (in speech) of good old New England "East wind made flesh."

In one of his letters he asked my pedigree. I only knew my father had a father, and no farther on could I trace, like Hamlet, "the noble dust of Alexander." He enlightened me, showing I came from patient Job (Tyler) to tribal Dan (Daniel), for Job begat Moses, and Moses begat James, and James begat Abraham, the patriarch, who lived one hundred years; and Abraham begat Joseph, and Joseph begat Daniel, and Daniel begat your speaker.

Learning from him all this, I felt very tall, far above natural height (5 feet 11 inches); ancestral conceit made me twice that height—was, in fact, what a little niece often asserted, when asked, "How tall is uncle Henry?" "He is 5 feet 11 or 11 feet 5, don't know which!" I was the which. When kinsman Brigham asked who I was, I frankly told him I was nobody in particular, and of not much consequence in the world anyway;" and "my ambition?" I promptly informed him, "to keep out of jail and congress," which, I am happy to inform you, has been successfully done up to date.

We read in sacred story, woman was created *after* man; true, for she has been *after* him ever since with a sharp stick, for she raised *Cain*—mingling sweet with bitter, to make up for paradise lost. After Adam and Eve were "*snaked*" out of Paradise, the stone placed at the entrance must have been an *adamantine;* a reminder that "*Adam ain't in.*"

Now it comes to pass there are three definitions of Woman.

First. Woe-man, on account of the fruit of disobedience.

Second. Woo-man, for she made the best of a bad deed, and by patient obedience wooed him.

Third. Whim-men, the present fashions determine this meaning. (By the way, mankind embraces womankind, in its proper sense, for the world seems to speak and act that way; all writers speaking of the race say man, not woman, trailing her as a "side issue.") Man isn't *fair.* Woman *is.* Here let me remark before I forget it, the subject "Woman" is very difficult to handle; never read of a man, ancient or modern, who ever could handle the subject properly.

Man should give woman credit for frankness and firmness.

For frankness, "and the Lord said unto the woman, What hast thou done?" and the woman said, "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." Thus she frankly owned up like a brave little (wo)man, while her cowardly mate (I blush for myself) hid behind the tree and whined, "The woman whom Thou gavest me."

For firmness, like a rock, in looking back she became a rock—yes, rock-salt.

Now behold all things have changed since Adam's day. From patient Job (Tyler) down to our own time, our beloved kinswomen have made the primeval curse bearable, changed the wilderness of disobedience into the garden of love's paradise regained.

The text of the toast is a marvel of good sense. For her salutations are God speeds, her adieus serve to cheer toil, her smile after toil the balm of rest—to our noble clan she will ever be first in beauty, first in duty, and best in the hearts of every manly Tyler. What a penurious wretch was he (I am glad to know he was not a Tyler) who proposed the toast. "Woman, she shares our sorrows, doubles our joys and quadruples our expenses."

In church, how devoted. In state, loyal and patriotic. In the family, self-sacrificing and loving, even unto death. In America we do not canonize our mothers in the catalogue of saints, for there is a temple not made with hands wherefrom her image never shall depart, a sanctuary not reared of marble, an altar not made of precious stones, where she is worshipped—it is in our loving hearts.

The beautiful lines of Cowper become us as we claim a noble pedigree akin to angels:

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise;
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Through all the changing scenes of our beloved fatherland, she has been a ministering angel in its distress—brave, patient, prayerful. In our last great conflict—on the battlefield, in camp, in hospital—her kindly hands lifted dying hope toward heaven's open gate; her words of cheer, her prayers, changed the delirious cries of the blasphemer into the sane accents of penitence and prayer.

England had one Florence Nightingale, America her flocks of nightingales.

What kinsman's bosom now, today, does not swell with pride as he looks into the fair faces of our beloved kinswomen, wherein he sees nothing but the incarnation of true love and constancy, untarnished by the shadow of so much as one single divorce.

The Tylers know no such word as divorce—when they see a good thing they keep it—besides, our kinswomen know of but one court, courtship, or cupid's court, where tender actions are brought and tried; no rule of law knows she but the law of love; she is the judge and jury, allows no appeal from her decision, but to the conscience. She is a rod to rule us; that rod is love. We bow submissive and humbly kiss the rod.

Talking with one of my fair cousins at the table a few moments ago I inadvertently called her Mrs., she said she was a Miss, that her lover died in the war. I asked, "What, the Revolution?" her eyes flashed fire, and she exclaimed, "How old do you take me to be?" I meekly bowed my head, and said, "Cousin, I don't know your age, but you don't look it." That reply let the clouds roll by. We are led to believe that a lady's age, "like music, is never dated."

I made as great a blunder some years ago. We were celebrating a certain lady's natal day; in proposing her health, I said, "Here's many happy returns of the day, but we don't know how many years have gone before." I know now, for she actually told me her age; she is my wife.

To be serious, let us take heart today, resolve to more earnestly emulate the sturdy manhood and gentle, refined womanhood of worthy ancestors, receiving fresh inspiration from the noble men and women of the past. The deeds of the great and good are the medallions of history.

In a broader sense, let the examples of steady perseverance teach us a lesson in the inspired faith of the "Luther of the darkened deep," whose arm unbarred the gates of discovery, revealing to the old world, the new world, the promised land of liberty.

Let the spirit of self-sacrifice teach us also, as we recount the deeds of the Pilgrim fathers and Pilgrim mothers, who endured persecution and suffered privation that they might plant on these shores the seeds of religious freedom and liberal government. Within the cabin of the "Mayflower" lay hidden the principles of religious and political government, which have handed down to us the blessings we today enjoy.

By the spirit of our Revolutionary sires, let us be true to duty, who, drinking in the pure air of liberty, refused King George's tea, steeping his in the briny waters of Boston harbor.

Let our inspiration be the spirit of loyal devotion to the Union, to justice

and humanity, which our fathers and brothers evinced, encouraged by our equally brave kinswomen now before me. They showed a loyalty to "Old Glory" as sacred as any true religious conviction, for loyalty to our country's flag in 1861 was loyalty to God then and for all time to come. "Old Glory's" colors were indeed born of heaven, for God tore a strip of color from his radiant scarf, the rainbow, from His sea of stars. He took thirteen shining drops, wafting them towards earth, and so our glorious standard sheet was born.

With a halo of glory its radiance bathed the face of the great emancipator, Lincoln, when he linked the nation and unlinked the slave—he who was last for war, first for peace, and best in the hearts of his countrymen.

All hail to the noble army of devoted women of our clan and other clans as well! May their beauty and glory never fade.

As our ancestors took unto themselves maidens for wives from other families, so now and in future may this transfertilization take place, until to every good and noble family of our land some pretty Miss Tyler may go to nourish godliness, confirm patriotism and good citizenship; then truly it shall be said, it is as blessed to give a fair Tyler in marriage as to receive one.

Some time ago I witnessed an extravaganza play, where one of the players exclaimed:

"Nothing to breathe but air,
Nothing but clothes to wear,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to do but good."

Let me improve the lines in a better sense; although I may not possess the poetical inspiration, still I have sometimes flirted with the muse. I fear, however, she has never returned my salutation. Will you then take these lines, may the music of its rhythm (if any) crystallize into gems, bend them around your necks as a charm, or on the tablets of your memory impress them, then I will feel amply repaid for striving to entertain you for a season.

Nothing to do, but some rare good impart;
No one to love, save some confiding heart;
Nothing nobler than being always just,
No one so wise as those who in God trust.
Let gold be dross, let hoarded gains be lost,
If not honest, regardless of the cost.
Ancestral pride incites to higher aim,
To emulate an honored kinsman's name.
This precept heed—to be as good as they—
We surely should be *better* every way.

When we shall have passed away, may some pilgrim linger near the spot where we are laid, perchance bestow a passing glance or smile of recognition on the name of him whose motives were unselfish, whose humble deeds live on making the very atmosphere heavy with the sweet perfume of goodness.

When beauty's face with youth no longer glows,
When Time's swift tide for us no longer flows,
May children's children read, some far off day,
The name above our long-forgotten clay,
And find a fragrant blossom o'er our dust,
Which breathes a benediction of the just.

Upon this, our natal day, may we renew our devotion. "Deo, Patriae, Amicis."

What care we whether history gives us meed of praise; we will not live mute, inglorious lives, but speak and act our part faithfully, lay firm and solid the basis of character reared upon the eternal foundations of godliness and truth.

Let it be said, we helped rear the pillars of state, help adorn the sacred temple of Liberty, the glory of the whole earth, where millions yet unborn shall come with garland praise and sing within its hallowed walls:

"What builds a nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people brave and strong,
Men, who for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long;
Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare, while others fly;
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky."

A recitation then followed, which at the artful hands of Miss Katherine Hopkins, of Brooklyn, held the audience spellbound.

"Our Army."

"Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Col. Aug. C. Tyler, New London, Conn.

New London, August 22, 1897.

My Dear Mr. Brigham:

I am more than sorry that I will not be able to be with you on the 25th. A friend visiting us has developed a severe case of typhoid fever, and we can neither of us get away. I enclose a letter from Mr. Carroll, of Norwich. If I had been able to come I should have brought the paper with me as an interesting circumstance in the life of my great-grandfather.

Please convey to the Tylers my great disappointment at not being with them, and trusting the reunion may be successful, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

AUG. C. TYLER.

"Our Merchant Marine."

"To the gallant bark they brought
The stores, and laid them down within the hull.
* * * * * *
And when the rigging of that swift, black ship
Was firmly in its place, they filled their cups
With wine, and to the everlasting gods
Poured out libations, most of all to one,
Jove's blue-eyed daughter."—*Odessy.*

Hon. Jesse H. Farwell,* Detroit, Mich.

Commerce is the life blood of a nation, and cities and nations rise and decline in proportion to their ability and disposition to hold and control the same. In ancient times the rich trade of the oriental countries made its way westward to the Mediterranean Sea, and Venice became the seat of trade between Europe and Asia, and, as a resultant consequence, the most prosperous city of the world.

On the discovery by Vasco de Gama in 1497 of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope, the rich oriental trade that had given to Venice her proud pre-eminence as the commercial metropolis of the world was gradually transferred to London and the ports of western Europe, and the commercial importance of Venice rapidly declined.

On the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, the commerce of the east was again turned into the Mediterranean Sea, and the prosperity of the sea ports bordering thereon rapidly increased. At that period of the world's history, when Rome was at the height of her power and when that imperial nation was supposed to be all powerful and eternal, there was a little island, rude and neglected, in the barren ocean which today rivals the ubiquity of the commerce, the glory of the arms, the fame of the philosophy, the eloquence of the senate and the inspiration of the bards of that historic nation.

That island is today the seat of a government which in power to subjugate and to crush, Greece and Rome combined, at the height of their power, were not to be compared; a government that has become rich, powerful, commanding in its influence among nations by the adaptability of her people to, and a comprehensive, far-reaching policy of her kings and counselors in, building up, fostering, extending and drawing unto herself, upon her sea-girt isle, the rich maritime trade of the world. That trade has enabled her to rule mistress of the seas for a thousand years.

At the close of our Revolutionary War, we had a population of some two and one-half millions. We were so poor that we were obliged to, and did, repudiate obligations incurred to keep the Revolutionary Army in motion and save Washington, Hancock and others from English halters.

Wild animals and wilder savages raided all our frontier settlements and penetrated to the very center of the older settlements at times. We had no commerce worthy of the name. What few ships we put afloat the first few years of our national existence were raided upon by Algerine and other pirates, who roamed undaunted and almost unchecked on all the seas, and England, by the exercise of her assumed right of search and impressment on the high seas, proved herself to be the biggest pirate of them all until the close of the War of 1812.

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*It is with sincerest regrets that we are obliged to chronicle the affliction, of a partial stroke of paralysis, which was suffered shortly after the New Haven reunion, by Mr. Farwell while tarrying at his pleasant summer home in Claremont, N. H.

It is exceedingly gratifying to note, at the time of going to press, that Mr. Farwell's condition is steadily changing for the better. A man of extensive interests and unbounded civic spirit, even his temporary illness is much felt in the leading circles of his long-time home, Detroit, Mich.

His interest in the Tyler Family History (with which his name and lineage are prominently identified) has ever been both deep and genuine. The Tyler clan will therefore join with the author in praying for Mr. Farwell's speedy return to complete and lasting health.

But notwithstanding all these discouragements, paucity of numbers, poverty, wild animals, savages and pirates, we rose, phœnix like, as it were, under a wise and statesmanlike policy of the early fathers, from the smouldering embers of the Revolution to become, in a very few years, successful rivals of England in the valuable "over ocean" trade. Successful rivals of that nation which had ruled the seas for a thousand years, and which had "dotted the surface of the globe with its possessions and military posts, and whose morning drum beats, traveling with the sun, keeping time with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of her martial airs."

The surplus products of our forests, mines and soil were transported in our own ships, under our own flags, which soon became as familar a sight in all the seaports of the world as are the national emblems of France, Germany and England in our ocean ports today.

After the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century, we departed from the policy of the early fathers, and, disregarding the tearful admonitions of Washington, we allowed ourselves to drift into family strife, and there came the high flung havoc of war, wherein there were tossed in fantastic chaos, states, constitutions and races, and in the wild hurricane that accompanied, our Atlantic cities were literally illuminated by the light of our burning ships, and that magnificent commerce which had taken three-quarters of a century of wise statesmanship to construct was literally swept from the ocean, and notwithstanding the assurance of the great Webster, that in case disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean the next generation would renew it, and notwithstanding the wonderful recuperative power of the American people, a full generation has passed since the events above described, and there has been literally nothing done towards restoring that commerce.

The surplus products of our soil, mines, forests and manufactories are now transported in alien ships under alien flags, $180,000,000 being annually paid to alien ship owners for that purpose, and our American travelers all bear testimony to the fact that they look in vain in all the foreign seaports for a sight of our national emblem, except as they see it occasionally on a man-of-war or flying from the peak of a millionaire's yacht.

So low have we descended in this respect, and so humiliating is the condition, that the raising of the stars and stripes over a single ocean-going steamer, and that of foreign construction, during the last few months of President Harrison's administration, was deemed of such large importance that President Harrison and a portion of his cabinet took a special train from Washington to New York to take part in that great event, and as the flag was thrown to the breeze there was a volley of artillery from all the warships and fortifications of the harbor of New York in commemoration of the great event.

The contrast between present and former conditions is striking, and brings a blush of shame to the cheek of every true American. It is a condition that demands the best thought of the best minds of the nation, in order to properly define the cause that the remedy may be more readily applied.

The destruction and non-restoration of our over ocean trade is in striking contrast with the marvelous development, during the same period, of the commerce on our great inland seas and their connective channels.

For eight months in the year there floats in front of the beautiful city of Detroit a commerce unequaled by that passing any other point on the globe.

Michigan has by far the longest coast line of navigable waters of any of the forty-five states, almost every mile of whose 2,000 miles of coast line is constantly washed during the season of navigation by the ebb and flow created by the innumerable sail and steam craft, whose keels create a perpetual wake around her two peninsulas.

The causes of non-restoration of our over ocean commerce are partially summarized, as follows:

First.—Refusal of our government to enroll a foreign built vessel.

Second.—Discriminations of English Lloyds system of classification against American vessels.

Third.—Exorbitant rates of insurance amounting to prohibition consequent upon classification above mentioned.

Fourth.—The determination of England to maintain her supremacy on the ocean by all means, foul or fair.

We may agree with England on most subjects, but on the subject of shipping and commerce we never can. Lord Robert Cecil, in the English Parliament, early in 1862, said: "Everyone who watches the current of history must know that the northern states of America never can be our true friends for this simple reason: not merely because the newspapers write at each other, or that there are prejudices on both sides, but because we are rivals; rivals politically, rivals commercially. We aspire to the same position. We both aspire to the government of the seas. We are both manufacturing people, and in every port, as in every court, we are rivals to each other."

This is a true and candid statement of the facts as they exist and will continue to exist. We cannot, and should not, attempt to conceal them. Great Britain will not easily give up what she has gained on the sea in two hundred years. She knows that a struggle with the United States for commercial supremacy is inevitable, and is preparing for it. England, an island in area not greater than one of our states, is at once the child and ruler of the seas.

Sir Walter Raleigh said: "Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and, consequently, the world itself."

In 1783 Lord Sheffield published a pamphlet on the commerce of the United States, in which he shamelessly declared that the Barbary pirates were really useful to the greater maritime powers, because they tended to keep the weaker nations out of their share in the carrying trade. And in Franklin's day English merchants have been heard to say that if there were no Algiers it would be worth England's while to build one.

The Commissioner of Navigation, in his report for 1885, says: "It was the great disparagement by Lloyds agents in the ports of China and Japan that prejudiced shippers against the steamships of our Pacific mail—the Peking and Tokio—in 1874 and 1875."

But Consul Jones proves even more forcibly this influence; he says: "Shipping creates a great demand for iron and steel in their various forms and qualities, as well as for engines and boilers, chains and anchors, sails and ropes, for every variety of hardware, crockery and glassware, and for upholstery and carpets, beds and bedding, electric appliances and telephones. Employment is afforded directly and indirectly to an army of men and women of every social grade and intellectual caliber—from the wealthy shipbuilder, with his estate in the midlands and his seat in Parliament, to the hard-worked

puddler at the furnace. Insurance companies and clubs give employment to thousands; government officers, custom employes, surveyors, savings-bank clerks, stevedores, and many more derive their livelihood from the traffic of shipping. Men and boys in the British mercantile navy during 1880 numbered 190,380."

United States Consul Morey, of Ceylon, writes as follows: "To my knowledge, for a period of twelve years, and in a great measure even to the present day, beautiful and staunch American vessels have been unemployed in foreign ports, or accepted of freights too low to much more than pay expenses, while crank old foreign craft, just at the tail end of a high class and prone to damaging their cargoes, have loaded for the United States at high rates with cargo bought with American money on American orders, and simply on the plea that being classed at Lloyds, the rates of insurance were largely in their favor.

"Only members of Lloyds are allowed the benefits, protection and information furnished daily by agents appointed for the purpose, and there is scarcely a port of consequence in the world where one is not stationed. 'British consuls are allowed to serve as (these) agents;' also 'for (British) navigation companies.'"

The United States consul at Hamburg, in 1892, in response (through the customary official channels) to certain inquiries concerning American shipping interests at that port, wrote the State Department as follows: "It seems a very sad commentary to have to make on the shipping of our country when I reply to the first four interrogatories of the Treasury by saying that during the year in question there was not a single American steamer of any sort or tonnage entered at this port. Nor can I find in the records of this consulate, covering a period of over thirty-five years, a trace of any others, with the exception of the year 1888, when one steamer of about 1,900 gross tons happened in. I cannot but believe that such an announcement would astound most of our people, when it is considered that Hamburg, a city of over half a million souls, is, after Liverpool and New York, the largest shipping port in the world; that it is by far the most important seaport and distributing center of the continent; that in its harbor can be seen the flag of every third-rate power in the world that has a seacoast; that so large a part of it has been built with American dollars; that its import and export trade with the United States is larger by much than that with any other country, and that one steamship line alone dispatches, on an average, over three steamers a week the year round, carrying passengers to the United States, while the same number bring them back from there. Not only have none of our steamers participated in the carrying trade of this port for years, but of sailing-vessels bearing our flag there were during the year ending June 30, 1894, but two; during 1893, 1892 and 1891, two each; and during 1890, none."

Were I called to prescribe those remedies that would restore to the nation most directly its former standing in the over ocean trade, I would say:

First.—Admit to enrollment for over ocean trade all vessels, without regard to place of construction.

Second.—A governmental regulation or system of inspection and classification for purpose of insurance.

Third.—Some system of governmental insurance that would be safe for the government and helpful to its citizens until such time as private enterprise should volunteer to supply the much-needed want.

Fourth.—Construction of Inter-oceanic canal uniting the Atlantic and

Pacific Oceans, which would place us in direct communication with 900,000,000 people of eastern Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the smaller islands of the Pacific. Such would put us 2,700 miles nearer the western coast of South America, 1,900 miles nearer Japan, and 1,000 miles nearer Australia than England.

It would shorten the water route from San Francisco to London 7,000 miles; New Orleans to San Francisco 11,000 miles; and New York to San Francisco 10,000 miles. Such would enable us to at once commence the resurrection of a once rich and prosperous, but now dead and buried, ocean commerce; at same time enable us to take strong hold of the finances of the world and transfer in a very few years the money center of the globe from where it is now, so strongly intrenched on a little island of the extreme westerly coast of the European continent, to New York and New Orleans.

Carry this enterprise to a successful termination, and it will add larger and more permanent honor and glory to the American people than the combined military achievements of the Republic since the close of the Revolution. It will be an achievement that will honor God and bless mankind by conferring untold blessings on the vast populations that now exist, as well as on the countless millions yet to be.

Some of our statesmen claim that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stands in the way of this much-needed improvement. If so, ask England to join in its construction on equitable principles. On refusal, annul the treaty by legal methods, if any exist, if not, then tear it up and tramp it under foot, and go on and build the canal; and should England attempt to interfere by overt act, she would soon find a world in arms against her. The same spirit that led her to an alliance with brutal North American savages during our Revolution for the purpose of scalping defenseless women and children still exists, and was made glaringly apparent in our Civil War.

It was English gold and chicanery playing upon the supersensitive humanitarianism of our worthy people, more than all other influences combined, that precipitated the Civil War between the North and the South, and when we were locked in what seemed a deadly conflict, she cast her influence on the side which promised most effectually to prolong that struggle, bankrupt and permanently divide the Union.

Miss Elizabeth Tyler, of Washington, D. C., here favored the audience with a contralto solo delivered in her very perfect manner.

"The Bar."

"And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

Col. Mason W. Tyler, Esq., Plainfield, N. J.

White Mountains, The Jefferson, David E. Plumer, Manager.
Jefferson, N. H., August 21, 1897.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.

Dear Kinsman: Much as I would like to be present and help you give form and shape to the Tyler reunion this year, I am convinced that I cannot

safely do so at this season of the year. Already the hay fever and asthmatic fevers have attacked me, and there would be no limit to their vengeance, if I should appear in the lowlands of New England this month.

You were so kind as to invite me to speak for the legal profession, the lawyers. I am sorry to miss the opportunity to defend the calling before so worthy a gathering. We do not often have occasion to speak for ourselves. I would like to attribute the fact to the well-known modesty of the profession, but fear that I shall be obliged to acknowledge that it pays better to speak for other people. Hence the practice of the profession induces modesty in its members. In the presence of an assembly composed of so many *modest* notables as a Tyler reunion would naturally contain, I believe that this is honor enough for any profession. I hope you will present to my cousins and kinsmen present on the occasion my sincere regrets at not being able to meet them, and wishing you complete success in your endeavors to discover the roots and branches of the family tree, I am, very sincerely,

Your kinsman,

MASON W. TYLER.

After reading the above communication, the toastmaster, Eliphalet W. Tyler, Esq., of New York City, made *ex tempore* remarks in happy vein, tending to uphold the integrity and dignity of his chosen profession, the law, in whose practice he is exemplary.

A brief intermission followed to permit any obliged to leave early to withdraw without disturbing the exercises. On again resuming order the following message from the venerable Prof. William S. Tyler, of Amherst College, was read by his son, Rev. Prof. Henry M. Tyler, of Smith College.

*Amherst, Mass., August 23, 1897.

It is a real sorrow and disappointment to me that I am unable to be present at this great gathering of the Tyler family. But it cannot be helped, there is no help for it; for I can neither walk nor talk, both of which are indispensable to participation in, or even attendance on, such a gathering.

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*On the evening of November 19, 1897, Prof. William Seymour Tyler passed to his final reward. For over sixty years he whose death bereaved of their most honored citizen and teacher both the municipality and college of Amherst, had been a conspicuous resident of his adopted college town. It is seldom, indeed, that the world finds itself brought face to face with a character of such ability and downright personal integrity. The vitality of a Methuselah, the mind of a Plato, the sanctitude of an apostle co-incarnate, conspired to develop in him one of the grandest characters of modern New England, a being at the altar of whose memory all who knew him instinctively bow in mingled admiration, awe and benediction.

The subject of this sketch was born at Harford, Pa., September 2, 1810. He was the eldest of three distinguished children born unto Deacon Joab (and Nabby *Seymour*) Tyler. His next younger brother, Prof. Wellington Hart Tyler, was likewise a graduate of Amherst, a student of the Andover Theological Seminary, instructor at Amherst and other leading schools, founder of the Pittsfield (Mass.) Young Ladies' Institute, etc., etc. The youngest, Prof. Edward Griswold Tyler, was also a graduate of Amherst, Principal of the Pittsfield Gymnasium and Boys' Boarding School, later of the Ontario Female Seminary at Canandaigua, N. Y., etc., etc. Both these brothers left worthy sons.

This remarkable family was the legitimate flower of generations of Puritanic struggle and rectitude. Their earliest American progenitor (by tradition a tradesman from Shropshire, England,) was patient Job Tyler, record of whom was made at Newport (R. I.) in the year 1638, but who soon was found a squatter citizen (the first inhabitant) by the early settlers of Andover, Mass., 1640. He also lived at Roxbury and Mendon. Job was thus a stirring, early Puritan, who from every fact now gleanable may be esteemed to have possessed an *unflinching fortitude* under direst adversity, and when singly brought to face overwhelming numbers. Not a bigot, he was truly a Puritan among Puritans.

Job's fourth and youngest son was Samuel, born at Andover, early removing to Mendon, where he died at the untimely age of about forty. The rough hardships of King Philip's War, wherein he fought, might have undermined his constitution, for his three brothers lived to reach an average age of eighty-seven.

Samuel's eldest son (of two), Ebenezer, born at Mendon, died in his fiftieth year, at the neighboring town of Attleboro, where the Tylers were for several generations both numerous and representative citizens.

Of Ebenezer's four sons, the second was Capt. John Tyler, who

But I am happy to be able to say that I have already done my share of work in the world; and being urged by our historian to *write* a few words, I take the occasion to say—and I say it as one of the oldest, perhaps the very oldest, of your patriarchs—that I owe the happiness of a very happy life to having done such a life work. I have the additional satisfaction of a consciousness in my own heart that it is a

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marched on the Lexington alarm and was at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was also a judge.

Capt. John's eldest son (of three) was Deacon John Tyler, who also marched on the Lexington alarm, and was one of the ten Tylers whom Attleboro contributed to the cause of the American Revolution.

Deacon John's third son (of four) was Deacon Joab Tyler, father of the subject of this sketch. After nearly a century of early Attleboro history, wherein this family had continuously played conspicuous roles, Joab in boyhood went with his father and family to the then unbroken wilderness of Harford, Susquehanna County, Pa. (For a full, most graphic account of the life and development of this pioneer colony sent out by Attleboro "Nine Partners," we refer readers to the article contributed by the late lamented Prof. William S. Tyler, to the Tyler reunion held at North Andover, as verbatim published in report of that gathering, p. 30 *et seq*. A fine steel engraved likeness of Professor Tyler will also be found as frontispiece in said publication.)

The early years of Prof. William S. Tyler were thus passed amid rural pioneer scenes. In his own words, "Wolves howled in the forests by night and ran in troops across our farm in broad daylight. I counted fourteen myself one morning before breakfast, and I thought they would like to make a breakfast of me. And I saw deer shot down grazing in our meadows." The love of pure nature, the restless energy, indomitable will and supreme self-reliance, all inspirations of boyhood, tarried ever-present to the end. The world wots not how much it is indebted to the wholesomely invigorating atmosphere of those historic "Beech Woods." Here is a further description of his youthful environment: "Harford is a small farming town, * * with a hilly and rocky surface, a hard and stony soil, a grazing country, * * raising choice fruits in abundance, but yielding crops of corn and rye only reluctantly, * * sown with beautiful lakes and running brooks, and beautified with picturesque hills and valleys, but, like Attica, priding itself chiefly on raising men. * * * The first school was kept in the dwelling house of John Tyler, the same house in which religious meetings were early held. * * * The first meetinghouse was also the first schoolhouse. * * * There was an unusually large number, for a small place, of some of the noblest women I have ever known," etc., etc. In truth, his was a rugged, virile manhood—yet its functions were all well ordered—nothing uncouth; everything was harmonious, seemly, proportionate. If his was a massive personality, it was shapely; if filled with ponderous energies, they were well governed; if at times severe, it was owing to the very depth of his emotion, not to lack of tenderness. The loving education of home, school and church polished and shaped this youth-

good work—namely, education of young men. You will pardon me, and many of you will admit that it has been a great work. But at any rate it has been a *work*.

And what I would now impress on my younger kindred is, that *that* is the secret of the happiness to which I lay claim. Do a great work if you can; the greater, the better;

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ful nature's "diamond in the rough," until gleaming with flashes of transcendant glory, it became the crown jewel in whatever community it was set.

From such surroundings (limited in educational advantages, but so unbounded in inspirations to right manhood) Mr. William S. Tyler went to Hamilton College, which he entered in advanced standing, where he expected to graduate. After his first term trouble among the faculty and students led to the severing by members of their relationships with Hamilton, several betaking themselves to nascent Amherst, among them young Tyler. Thus began a most remarkable career. How much Amherst owes to this accidental stroke of fate! He graduated in 1830, valedictorian of the ninth class.

From 1832 to 1834 he was tutor at his *Alma Mater*, from whose fostering care he repaired to Andover Theological Seminary, where for two years he applied himself with all the thoroughness of his zealous nature. A third year of pupilary development was passed under the spiritual guidance of Rev. Dr. Skinner, in the historic class whose outgrowth was Union Theological Seminary. February 29, 1836, by the Third Presbytery of New York City, he was licensed to preach.

Rev. William S. Tyler from early youth was strongly bent on the ministry; a few years later his clerical aim became fixed on a certain field of labors, no less than the arduously heroic self-consecration of a western missionary. Though destined soon again by accident to reconsider this resolution, the *spirituelle*, predominant in his birthright, as accentuated by years of divine study and contemplation, never ceased to exercise most potent influence throughout a pre-eminently long and useful life. While his career was nominally secular, it bore a sacred message. Amid severest exactions of later surroundings it was his keen delight to be found ministering in the temples of God. No hamlet so humble or remote, but, by the asking, might experience his choicest words and deeds of grace.

Actually *en route* for some civilization-needing spot in the great western "forest primeval," bad traveling, following upon bad weather, called a halt. While bivouaced from necessity, came the welcome call to come out from an idle desert to teach at Amherst. His peremptory nature, which despised nothing so much as idleness, did not hesitate. He accepted. From that moment everything was persistently and consistently moulded into the oneness of a nobly commanding career.

An invitation to work out an unexpired term's tutorship, before its weeks were done, was followed by appointment to the leading chair of Latin and Greek, and so it befell he was not *ordained* until 1839. The foregoing occurred in 1836, when Rev. Professor Tyler was a young man of only twenty-six. What a compliment! How unequivocally and modestly merited!

but that is not in the power of every one. Every one of you *can* do a work that will make your neighbors and friends and the world the better and happier for it. At any rate *work;* have a work to do and do it well; do it steadily, steadfastly, strenuously. It will keep you out of mischief, it will keep you out of the way of doing or receiving harm; it may be,

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In 1847 the demands of a growing, popular college led to a division of the (his) double professorship, Professor Tyler retaining the more important, the Williston Professorship of Greek Language and Literature. This chair he retained until voluntary retirement in 1892, after nearly sixty years of almost continuous service. Under no less than five Presidents (*i. e.*, Humphrey, Hitchcock, Stearns, Seelye and Gates,) did he, our subject, exercise a tremendous, ofttimes a governing, always an increasingly-beneficial, influence. What an object lesson to this fickle generation! In by-gone years, dark with doubt and grim with adversities, Amherst had no stauncher champion than Professor Tyler. Had she, indeed, one other who proved himself so able? From a feebly useful institution, repeatedly struggling for very existence, he saw it mature, largely by reason of his own personal exertions, into a securely-founded college occupying proud position in the front rank. He was efficient; he was ubiquitous; he was equal to the needs of any moment. He never sat complacently down beside some half-way stone on the highway to toilsome wisdom, neither did he sink dejected before some fetich landmark which had (possibly) dominated a cause and threatened forever to hold in ignominious restraint. He was aggressive; he never retreated; he besieged, assaulted, won.

During his ever-to-be-remembered connection with Amherst College (wherein compared with any other instructor whomsoever he ranks *facile princeps*) a relationship almost as remarkable for its length of harmonious duration as for the conspicuous degree and diversity of its deeds, Professor Tyler was entrusted with the duties and responsibilities (to which he always proved equal) of tutor, of Professor of Latin and Greek, Philology (1853-1856), of trustee, acting president, historian, of college pastor, Sunday-school superintendent, scholastic author, occasional contributor and foreign pilgrim in pursuit of knowledge. What a range of activity! Nor was Amherst the only institution of learning which knew his hearty benefits. He was for years President of the Board of Mount Holyoke Seminary, and a most interested trustee of Smith College, Williston Seminary and Maplewood Institute—in brief, the time-honored prime leader of this New England center of educational life, our American Attica.

In 1855–56, again in 1869–70, Professor Tyler sought rejuvenation and professional amplitude in repeated visits to the Old World. His former "outre mer" was mainly circumscribed by Italy, Greece, Palestine; the latter by Athens and Egypt. All bore directly and superlatively upon his chief life work. The tone, the certainty, the scope, the vividness of his Hellenic resurrections were, in crowning measures, thus alone made possible, obtained, emphasized.

Singular as is Professor Tyler's position among teachers (in that out of all the numerous living alumni of Amherst, dating from its very

perhaps, a great deal of both. It will give you health and strength both of body and of mind. Work today. Wait not for tomorrow; you never saw a tomorrow and you never will, no man ever did or ever will. Work today. It is the advice of your patriarch; it is the grand secret of a healthy, happy, useful and honorable life. No other element of

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foundation, there is hardly one who has not enjoyed his personal classroom instruction, an example quite without parallel in the history of American colleges,) his power and aptitude in the domain of authorship is no less conspicuous. Of Greek, Latin, English, he was consummate master. He could revivify and reinstate an Homeric demi-god of thousands of years ago; or, coming nearer a few long epochs, could assume at will the warrior's stately march or the idyllic life of Roman poet and historian; or, yet again, in the full powers of his magnificent manhood, could stand beside the bier of a departed friend and deliver a fitting eulogy, than which was never heard more sublimely melting tribute.

Here follow titles of his principal publications:

"Germania and Agricola, of Tacitus, with Notes for Colleges" (Appleton & Co., New York, 1847); "Histories of Tacitus" (Appleton & Co., 1848); "Plato's Apology and Crito" (Appleton, 1859); "Plutarch on the Delay of the Deity," etc. (Appleton, 1867); "Theology of Greek Poets" (Draper & Halliday, Boston, 1867); "Demosthenes de Corona" (Boston, 1874); "The Olynthiacs and Philippics of Demosthenes" (1875).

The foregoing being wholly along the lines of college work, we add an incomplete list of other and "occasioual" contributions to standard literature: Premium Essay, "Prayer for Colleges" (New York, 1854); "Memoir of Dr. Henry Lobdell, Missionary to Mosul, Assyria" (Boston, 1859); "Address at Semi-Centennial," etc., of Amherst College (1871); "History of Amherst" (1873); "A Discourse Commemorative of Hon. Samuel Williston" (Springfield, Mass., 1874); papers on the "Transactions of the American Philological Association;" contributions to "Biblical Repository," "Bibliotheca Sacra," "American Theological Review," etc., etc. His pen was especially active during our Civil War.

Of two of this later enumeration we speak in brief. Dr. Tyler's "History of Amherst," undertaken in 1868 upon request of the alumni, was completed for the semi-centennial of that college, celebrated in 1891, at which time the author also delivered an appropriate address. In 1895 appeared a second, somewhat abridged, edition, which brought the narrative down through the administrations of its first five presidents. It will never cease to be a rare exception that a collegian of two generations standing becomes, by unanimous request, the historian of an institution wherein, taking the period as a whole, he himself must be admitted to have been the central figure. Nor can we forbear calling attention to the uncommon but (in him) characteristic modesty (himself considered) in which the tale is told.

The other work to which we would call marked attention is his "Prayer for Colleges," first issued from the press in 1854, since which time it has been repeatedly revised and enlarged, passing through severally demanded editions. In 1852 the Society for the Promotion of

human life is so sure or so fruitful. It is not only the advice of your patriarch, but is the precept of Holy Writ, "Work while the *day* lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work."

And now may the God of all wisdom and all love show every member of this great family the work for which he was

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Collegiate and Theological Education at the West offered a premium of $150 to the author of the best original essay which might be submitted upon the theme above mentioned. The Committee of Award was Rev. Prof. Ralph Emerson, D. D., Andover Theological Seminary; Rev. E. N. Kirk, Boston; and Rev. L. F. Dimmick, D. D., Newburyport. An extract from their report recites: "Received and examined thirty-two manuscripts. Many of the essays are written with ability, and several appear well worthy of publication. The one best adapted * * to accomplish the purposes of the donor is found to have been written by Prof. W. S. Tyler, Amherst College." This essay is in some respects a clearer expression of Professor Tyler's inner life than anything else before the public. It ought to be read by every American citizen. It will be appreciated by every lover of and believer in a liberal education, the wisest safeguard of our tremendously developing republic. The essay (a book of 200 odd pages) is divided into two parts—prayer (in general), and prayer for colleges.

We thus have taken a cursory survey of our subject down to the time of Professor Tyler's voluntary retirement from regular college duties in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1857, Harvard College had conferred upon him the degree of D. D., following which, in 1871, had come his Amherst LL.D; both of which, while customary and wholly merited, added nothing to his fame, his scholarship, his manhood or his (visible) pride. Almost an autocrat in his sphere, his reign was just and altogether uplifting. He never ceased to be familiarly known as "Old Prof.," or in the more dignified (and loving) appellation, "The Amherst Socrates."

Uno avulso non deficit alter. Upon the fourth day of September, 1839, Prof. William S. Tyler was married to Miss Amelia Ogden Whiting (daughter of Mr. Mason and Mary *Edwards* Whiting), who was born at Binghamton, N. Y., March 4, 1819 (she being a lineal descendant of both Gen. John Mason, of Pequot War fame, and President John Edwards, of Princeton College). Their happy union endured for nigh unto sixty years, before she was called to lament her saddest bereavement. An honored family of (all) sons survives, all Amherst born and graduated:

(1.) Col. Mason Whiting Tyler, Esq., born 17 June, 1840, made a brilliant record in our Civil War, and is now a prominent lawyer in New York City. By his wife (nee Miss Eliza Margaretta Schroeder) he has two sons (the elder, William Seymour Tyler, bearing the name of his illustrious grandparent), who have made excellent records as Amherst students, and promise to reach noteworthy distinction.

(2.) William Wellington Tyler, born 14 October, 1841, a prominent civil engineer, residing at Springfield, Ohio, who has a son and two daughters (the elder a graduate of Smith College).

made, and enable him to do it wisely and well; and then crown all with that blessing of the Lord which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it.

Very cordially, your friend and brother,

W. S. TYLER.

(3.) Rev. Prof. Henry Mather Tyler, A. M., born 18 November, 1843, traveled widely in Europe, has taught at Amherst, Williston and Knox Colleges, and now, since 1877, is Professor of Greek Language and Literature at Smith College, where, 13 June, 1889, took place under his direction the very successful reproduction of the Electra of Sophocles. His career in many ways is working out parallel with his famous father. He has two scholarly sons, one a graduate of Amherst.

(4.) George Seymour Tyler, born 24 January, 1850, died in infancy.

(5.) Prof. John Mason Tyler, Ph. D., born 18 May, 1851, is Professor of Biology at Amherst, a science wherein he (so young) ranks high, and has published some works considered to be authority. He has a young son and daughter.

"The Heart of the Old Commonwealth."

"Sail on, sail on, thou ship of State,
Sail on, oh Union, strong and great;
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless at thy fate."

Hon. Willie C. Young, Worcester, Mass.

August 19, 1897.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.

My Dear Sir: I have delayed answering your former letter until this time, as I was in doubt as to my being able to be present on the 25th, and I regret very much to say that an important business matter will deprive me of the pleasure of attending the reunion on that date. I trust it will be a success and that I may be able to attend the next one.

Yours very truly,
WILLIE C. YOUNG.

The vocal selection, "A Winter Lullaby," was then charmingly rendered by Miss Maude Wilson, of Providence, R. I.

"The Old Family Doctor."

"A physician is not—at least, ought not to be—an executioner; and a sentence of death on his face is as bad as a warrant for execution signed by the Governor."—*Professor at the Breakfast Table.*

S. M. Hooper Tyler, M. D., Louisville, Ky.

Louisville, Ky., August 21, 1897.

W. I. Tyler Brigham, Esq.,
Sec'y Tyler Family Association,
Headquarters Warner's Hall, 1040 Chapel St.
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Frater and Kinsman:

Owing to circumstances occurring over which I have no control, I am forced to forego my much-anticipated visit to New Haven, Conn., to attend the Tyler reunion. In lieu of my and wife's presence, I send enclosed my contribution as toast, which you will please read, or have read, at the reunion.

Trusting to meet you at the Tyler reunion in 1898, with many regrets that I am unable to so shape my affairs that I can attend this 1897 meeting, and with sincere regards to our kindred and yourself, I am,

Truly yours,
(Dictated.) S. M. HOOPER TYLER, M. D.
No. 529 5th Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow-kinsmen:

In life, as it has been observed by the great Pascal, we always believe we are seeking repose, when, in reality, all that we ever seek is agitation. As you understand, here, in the midst of this family reunion of this country, with such a galaxy of well-intentioned eyes before you, all that you seek is agitation. Gathered here at this metropolitan city, on the Eastern sea, from the fertile

fields of the West, the snow-capped and ice-bound North and from the everglades of the sunny South, you are assembled at this reunion for the purpose of furthering this work and aiding the one who has undertaken this arduous task. Yes; doubtless many of you are here for the purpose of declaring your allegiance to him, who, like the little Mahone, of Virginia, is four-fifths backbone, is striving to trace the family tree, of which we as a people are so proud, through almost countless generations; and in fraternizing in this way we give a testimonial to his qualifications. This much, however, you have already witnessed. But it has been the custom of this clan on such occasions as this to extend an invitation to one or more of its members to render a toast, to offer themselves up, so to speak, for execution. On this occasion you have selected the doctor. Ordinarily there is a feeling of dread, even when the doctor's name is mentioned. There are associations of disease and suffering, pain and bad-tasting medicine; but there are also associations, I am glad to say, connected with the name of doctor, of tender memories that cling like the perfume of flowers, little acts of kindness or tenderness, of care displayed in the sick room, the look and word of encouragement when the heart is weak, and the family and friends lean upon him in their hour of trial. If I might offer any advice to the doctor, I would say, always be a cheerful doctor. Do not enter the room with an expression of impending danger. One of the sweetest and best physicians, one who was in such close contact with all humanity that his tender heart bled even when a blossom bough was broken, once said, "A physician is not—at least, ought not to be—an executioner, and a sentence of death on his face is as bad as a warrant for execution signed by the Governor."

People, my dear kinfolks, so says James Lane Allen, are like musical instruments. Some are brass instruments, some are wooden and some are like harps. Most people, though, have lost a string. Talking to John Gray, he says this: "You remind me of a combination of a bagpipe and a harp, but I like you best when you are a harp." "Well," says Gray, "I will always try to be the harp." "That," says Allen, "is the sweetest note you have sounded."

Our kinsman, the author of this pending family history, is the harp in this case. He reminds me of Goldsmith. Some one said to him one evening as he stepped down out of the theatre, where he had gone to hear the Swedish Nightingale sing, "Goldsmith, how do you like her singing?" His reply was this: "There is a harshness about that woman's voice that needs toning down. If I could marry that woman, crush her feelings and break her heart, she could sing then." It is said that afterwards he did marry Jenny Lind. He crushed her feelings and broke her heart. She then sang so sweetly that the angels broke through the parapets of heaven to catch the strains.

He that loves not nature has no heart save that of stone. He whose senses are dull to flowers' sweet fragrance, to the strains of song sublime, will have no abiding place in God's kingdom; for in nature we see the handiwork of a benevolent Maker. In music we hear His own pleading after man's love. In poetry He seems to speak to us through those gifted servants He has thus inspired. If we are dull to these then we are lost to His love forever. One poet—I cannot recall his name—has divine love thusly: He says it is a whetstone to the mind thus pointed, thus refined—

"When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft us to the skies."

Come with us! Let us hate all the love of bliss to the taste. Let us love this work night and day; let us love the compiling of this pending history with our lives away.

But, dear friends, as it has been truly said, the world does not need new thoughts so much as it needs that old thoughts be recast. Let us then recast some of our old thoughts before we part. You have again reached the line which in this reunion separates the future with its possibilities from the past with its experiences. For the second time you pause in your fraternal journey to determine, in union and sincere earnestness, the best way to give greater vigor and potency to this organization. There have been two famous gatherings, with this one, through which this reunion has successfully passed, upon whose deliberations depends the welfare of our people. The pages of history recount, in a measure, the interesting story of what has been; and in returning to you, with a grateful heart, the appreciation of your kind invitation upon this occasion, I feel justified in saying that these gatherings, if not entitled to be classed as famous, have not been in vain. Beyond question, these deliberations are for the welfare of our people. Appreciating your kindness, valuing your friendship, recognizing your unselfish devotion to the vitalizing principle of this work, I would urge you to proceed with this task with hearts warmed with kindred love, keeping in mind that we are making history, and that

> "These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er and we have passed away.
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

And to you, beloved spirit of this movement, Kinsman Brigham, what must I say to you? I feel the brush of the wings of thoughts of gratitude that take flight from the bosoms of my kinsmen, sweep by me and carry with them my own. But they are too swift-winged for me to arrest them and give them voice. Hence, pardon me then, dear kinsman, for lack of speech. I give expression only to those feelings reflective of our unbounded thankfulness for your untiring patience in making us appreciate the true force and distinct sense of that fearful responsibility of the Oracle to Chilon, "To know thyself."

But you, honorable president of this family reunion, in what language shall I approach or address you? My heart speaks, but my tongue is too slow. Remember, however, dear sir,

> "Of every noble work the silent post is best;
> Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed."

A further song, in the rich contralto of Miss Elizabeth Tyler, smoothed the way to thorough enjoyment of the succeeding effort.

"Some Humorous Sides of Assurance."

"A penny saved is a penny earned."—*Poor Richard's Maxims.*

Charles Hopkins, A. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I never knew a Tyler who was not a sincere man, and therefore I hardly know how to play the part of the "King's Jester," as I have been requested to do today by our secretary, Mr. Brigham.

In fact, in our great ancestor, President Bennet Tyler, of the George Tyler

clan, the quality of sincerity was so prominent a characteristic that it made him the famous theological leader of New England fifty years ago, so that one half the Congregational Church who were his followers were called TYLERITES, in distinction from the other half who were called TAYLORITES, who followed Dr. Taylor, of New Haven. Still President Tyler's theology did not sour his disposition. His character was remarkable for magnetism and amiability.

I must ask your indulgence then, if I deal with the philosophical, romantic, and even pathetic and tragic sides of the subject, as well as the humorous.

The last half century has revealed a new philosophy. The science of life insurance touches human life more nearly than any other, and composes the discords of everyday living to a remarkable degree. While religion lifts our souls above transitory things, life insurance helps us to deal with earthly things philosophically.

Great composers are Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Handel, Wagner—so is life insurance—besides, it is "a dead give away."

Insurance is an addition to human power. A valuation and a bid for unwrought plans. A priced invoice of time not yet arrived nor certain to come; a "selvage," instead of a raveled, edge.

You may have heard of the woman who entered a railroad car in garb of mourning. Her neighbor on the seat behind leaned forward and said—"Father?" (shake head) "mother?" (shake head) "sister?" (shake head) "brother?" (shake head) "husband?" (nod head) "member of the church?" (nod head) "life insured" (nod head), "stop your crying then, he's all right, and so are you."

An instance of the romance and philanthropy of life insurance may be illustrated thus: The treasurer of several colleges asked a life insurance agent to tell him how to raise endowments for colleges; the agent replied, "Insure your life for $100,000, and give it to the colleges."

It was done, and the treasurer remarked, "Now, if anything happens to me, the colleges are taken care of." Each one of four colleges had been made the beneficiary of $25,000 in case of the treasurer's death, and this splendid and liberal benefaction had only cost about six per cent. on the face of the policy for a limited term of years.

Life is a chance. Life insurance is a dead certainty.

Why is insurance like Aladdin's Lamp? Because it acts immediately when the rub comes.

An insurance was effected on a business man in New York City twenty-one years ago, and premiums were paid by his wife, for whose benefit the policy was made. Financial disaster overtook the insured man and turned or upset his mind. He allowed his wife to support him out of her private fortune. When finally he deserted his wife, she went to Europe to reside. Meantime, the husband had alliances with three other women; and at last, in a quarrel, shot one of them and then shot himself, July 2, 1897.

The first wife was recalled from Europe by cablegram and claimed the policy. On testifying before the coroner's jury, she said the occupation of her husband, "at last reports," was "shooting."

The policy and dividends were promptly paid to the first wife, yielding a profit of about one hundred per cent. in cash, besides a protection for $5,000 for twenty-one years after.

A marriage certificate would not be out of place, if printed on the back of a life insurance policy.

Do women like life insurance? Widows do.

Will your widow dress as well as your wife does?

Wives of smart men should remind them, they can make their lives secure; and departing, leave behind them, something solid, something sure.

As early as 562 A. D., it is said the great Roman Emperor Justinian, sold life insurance annuities with success, to get money to carry on his government, and to build cities throughout his vast empire.

The period between 1762, the date of the founding of the Equitable of London, and 1859, the date of the founding of the Equitable of New York (a period of ninety-seven years), was formative and chaotic. No master hand had grasped the situation or used the table of longevity of the royal astronomer, Halley, with success.

The barbaric splendors of the Tudor kings and queens, including Queen Elizabeth, bloody Mary and the Henrys, had for two hundred years cut off the population by wars and unjust laws. The ravages of the plague, which had appeared five times in London in seventy years, had cut off 450,000 people in that time, before our modern sanitary conditions had become known. All these things had made the average of life so uncertain that no safe and uniform rates of premiums had been established.

The life of the elder Napoleon was trafficked in repeatedly. In 1809 Sir Mark Sykes, of London, gave five hundred (500) guineas as a wager on the life of the elder Napoleon, the subscriber to receive one guinea a day so long as Napoleon should live. At the end of 365 days the court declared the annuitant had received enough.

A life insurance "Mortuary Register" about 1712 gives the following death causes: "Died of a six-bar gate, 4; of a quick-set hedge, 2; broke his neck in robbing a hen roost, 1; surfeit of curds and cream, 2; took cold sleeping in church, 11; of fright in the exercise of the train bands, 1;" and the great essayist, Addison, wrote an essay on "Dying for Love," etc.

Two hundred years ago insurance was advertised as follows:

> "Come all ye generous husbands with your wives,
> Insure round sums on your precarious lives,
> That, to your comfort, when you're dead and rotten,
> Your widows may be rich when you're forgotten."

It is strange and almost startling to commercial England, to read that "the venerable and reverend Dr. Johnston, who presided in a manner beautifully consistent with the exalted piety of his own character and the benevolent design of the institution, opened and consecrated the business of life insurance, by the utterance of solemn prayer."

The Equitable Life, of New York City, also followed the same practice under its first president, Hon. W. C. Alexander.

The only bread-fruit tree that grows in this climate is life insurance. Its fruit is what it bears, and the more it bears the more it leaves.

In 1881 the self-made millionaire of a New England city welcomed a life insurance agent to his mansion, and after a long interview offered him the names of a dozen of his intimate friends, with the privilege of referring to him, meantime charging the agent with the duty of visiting his secretary in New York City, and issuing a liberal policy on his life, closing with the remark that

his own policies, about $50,000, had proved the best investment he had ever made. On leaving the house, the agent asked the age of the millionaire, and inquiring of his wife, she said that that day was his seventieth birthday. As seventy (70) years was the limit of the tables, a policy was issued that day on his life, which after four years became a death claim, proving a good investment for his estate.

Meantime the agent visited the secretary in New York and delivered the message of the millionaire. Policies were issued for him amounting to $50,000, and became a death claim at the end of thirteen years, yielding $56,000 to his heirs, with an outlay of $26,000 in premiums, a profit of over one hundred per cent. Over one hundred men were insured by this agent through the influence of this man in his own city.

The secretary above mentioned wrote a note of introduction to a friend for the agent, running something as follows: "This will introduce to you my friend, Mr. C. H., who is a traveling missionary of the E. L. A. S. With him, to hesitate is to be lost. He has persuaded me to invest a large part of my income in his company, so that if I live to old age I shall be wealthy. Meantime you will find Mr. C. H. one of the best natured men in the world."

Miss Katherine Hopkins, by special request, again favored her delighted auditors, when followed the final toast:

"Bon Voyage."

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee."

Mr. Willard C. Tyler, Bradford, Mass., Vice Pres. *Railway Review.*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You have listened to such a considerable number of eloquent and distinguished speakers who have preceded me, and who have said almost everything worth listening to, that I feel that our honored President has, indeed, assigned to me the laboring oar of this occasion, and everyone knows that is the hardest one to row, although in this case it does not "set the pace" which has already been set so high by my predecessors, that I feel that I am one of that class "who rush in where angels fear to tread;" and you must feel, by this time, somewhat as did the tramp in the story, who, on a summer's evening, came to a house where a man was fixing up his front garden. "Oh, sir!" he said, "I am very hungry, as I have eaten nothing for seventy-two hours. Can't you give me something to eat, I am starving?" "My poor man," said the owner, "You have come at a bad time; my family is away and I am boarding out; but here! I have a plan; there is a dinner at our hall this evening and I have a spare ticket. Here it is, go and eat your fill." The tramp thanked him, took the ticket and started away. Then he stopped suddenly and came back, holding the ticket in his hand, "Say, mister," said he, "is there going to be any after dinner speaking there tonight?" "Yes, there is," said the man. "Well," said the tramp, as he sorrowfully handed the ticket back, "I will try and stand it another day."

So I will endeavor to be brief as I can be, so many of these gentlemen have kindly said things for me.

In wishing you all a pleasant journey and a safe return to your distant homes, and to the meeting of next year, after this eminently successful reunion of the Tylers from a thousand miles or more around, it is fitting that some thought should be given to the difference between the transportation facilities of the latter end of the nineteenth century and those of the days of Job and Moses, not of Holy Writ, but of North Andover. About the middle of the seventeenth century Job crossed the ocean, very probably in a vessel that would now be considered only safe for day cruising along shore, provided we were certain of some port to run into for the night. To impress this upon you it is only necessary to give you the tonnage and sizes of some of the ships of the early voyagers. The Viking ship of Eric, the Norseman, was less than seventy feet long and drew less than four feet of water; the "Santa Maria" of Columbus was but ninety feet long and of about seven feet draft, while the "Nina" and "Pinta" were open boats, and less than fifty feet long; the "Vittoria" of Magellan, the first ship around the world, was but eighty-five tons, while Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who said the immortal words "that Heaven was just as near by sea as by land," proved his theory by going down on the "Squirrel," of only ten tons, on his return voyage from Newfoundland. No doubt but there are many before me who are afraid to cross the ocean in the steamship "St. Louis" of 10,000 tons, which is 1,000 times larger than was the "Squirrel." To come down a little later, the "Mayflower" was only 180 tons actual size, although scoffers have made her out larger than the "Great Eastern," as judged by the number of those who claim kinship with her original passengers.

Our transportation lines which, instead of ships, will take you all home, are a product of an evolution which is easily traced. The early settlers of the time of Job, of old Essex, found Indian trails leading back from the coast, and when they hunted or explored or were looking for a new place to settle, they naturally followed those as the easiest route to travel through the forest. With the advent of horses, but before that of vehicles, they were ridden or led along these bridle paths. When the first chaises came these paths were broadened to admit of their passage and soon became highways. When the settlements at each end of the highway became of enough importance, the stage coach appeared to carry people and things over it and lines were established up and down the coast and into the interior, and it is recorded that Daniel Webster once rode post and express, from Boston and Portland, 115 miles, over the present route of the old Eastern Railroad, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, to sign the Maine boundary line treaty with Lord Ashburton. These stage lines became prosperous and earned good dividends, becoming factors in the public weal, so that when the iron horse replaced flesh and blood as a motor, nothing was more natural than that the railroads should follow closely, as they did, the stage routes, replacing, with the train and the track, the bumping coach and the highway; and a glance at the organization of the early railroad companies shows often the names of the stage line proprietors as the first holders of railroad securities.

Our industrious secretary has unearthed the fact that Job, the original American Tyler, was found serenely settled at North Andover, Mass., probably on the best tract of land, by the first would-be settler. This shows him to have been a "hustler" of no mean rank, who would have won glory at the Oklahoma of today; and we can think of him as following the Indian trail in from the coast, gun in hand, to select his homestead, and later returning with his "lares

and penates." What a transformation in less than three hundred years! Will any future similar period see an equal improvement in the transportation and comforts of man? What a leap from the Indian trail and the pack to steam and electricity, from the open shallop to the "St. Louis," and when you start for your scattered homes you will most likely go by rail at forty to sixty miles an hour, or perhaps faster, in a parlor or sleeping car, more comfortable and luxurious than the palaces of the kings three or four centuries ago; and so, whether your journey is by sea or land, or whether before we meet again some of us shall voyage to that undiscovered country whence no traveler has yet returned, I will, in any case, wish you a "Bon Voyage," and as we are about ready to start, say with Lord Byron:

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee."

Let us drink this health standing, and to a safe return to the next meeting one year hence.

After a vote of thanks to the ladies for their most enjoyable music and recitation, and to Mr. Brigham for devoted services which made the meeting possible, the Tyler Family Association adjourned to convene in Boston, Mass., September 7, 1898.

VISITATIONS.

As it was not possible on the day of the New Haven reunion to make visitations to outlying points of Tyler interest, we trust the following very abridged narrative (a digest of personal observations made by the Family Historian) will be acceptable.

BRANFORD.

This ancient town (settled 1643) but a few miles east of New Haven, had (as will be seen from the historical article herein) numerous and early Tylers. Though the blood remains in many intermarried families, the surname is no longer prominent in this community. Like in the cases of so many other New England villages, the "old stock" is mostly gone, moved away, etc.

We mention two objects of unusual interest.

(1.) The old Center Burying Ground undoubtedly contains the earliest Tylers and numbers of their descendants, though but few monuments remain to tell the last sad story. The most ancient Tyler lot seems to be on the extreme right hand side, about two-thirds of the way back towards the rear. Here is a large unmarked plot evidently filled with graves. The oldest stone bears this inscription: "John, son of Mr. Roger & Mrs. Martha Tyler, died Octbr 5th, 1749, in his 4th year." (This "Roger" was a son of George Tyler, one of the early Tyler brothers, from whom President Bennet Tyler, of Middlebury, descended.) There are numerous Tyler stones at the newer "Mill Plain" Cemetery, but none outdating the present century.

(2.) The only old Tyler homestead stands on Harbor Street. (Very few buildings are left which antedate the Revolution.) It faces about northwest and is overshadowed by a fine tree, resembling the mountain ash, said to be an alanthus, and brought in, when a sapling, from a warmer climate. The house is identified with the family of Benjamin Tyler (son of Joseph, Joseph, Peter), who was born 21 July, 1755, and died 11 March, 1811. He married 31 October, 1776, Sarah Baldwin (daughter of James, John, George, John). He had three daughters, Hannah and Lydia (who died unmarried) and Sarah, who married Elisha Shepard, and had one child, Benjamin Tyler Shepard, whose eldest son, Harvey G. Shepard, now owns the house. It reaches back one hundred and fifty (possibly two hundred) years. The original part is about 20x30 feet (with newer additions at each end), divided into three rooms and attic over all. The eaves come down to the very top of the door, from which a great beam stretches across the building for support. The timbers are heavy and hand-hewed, the roof-frame being wooden-pinned together, and has crosspieces, showing it was originally a thatched roof (a fact which adds much to its probable age). The chimney (huge) of stone once stood partly without the walls, and cuts off a large inner angle in each front room to which it furnished fireplace heat. An old well is at the end of the house.

We must not overlook the magnificent Blackstone Memorial Library (superbly ornate), which is a recent gift to the municipality. For its size it has no rival in this country, and but very few in our larger cities surpass it either in elegance or the complete library appointments. The donor is Hon. Timothy B. Blackstone, railway magnate of Chicago, whose wife, Isabella F. Norton (through her grandfather, Capt. Asa Norton, whose mother was Mercy Tyler), traces back to George Tyler, Branford's early citizen. The present librarian is Arthur Wellington Tyler (son of Prof. Wellington H., Deacon Joab, Deacon John, Captain John, Ebenezer, Samuel, Job Tyler), an Amherst graduate, and for years associated with Astor Library, as well as that of Johns Hopkins University. (Mr. Blackstone has reared in this monument to his native town, a personal monument as enduring as marble and worthily the home of the master minds of literature.)

NORTHFORD.

North Branford (including Northford) did not become a municipality until 1831, but for church offices became a parish distinct from Branford as early as 1725. In October, 1734, Peter Tyler (Jr.), Bezaleel Tyler (son of Charles) and other inhabitants of North Branford as petitioners procured the General Court of Connecticut to grant to Northford integral church rights annually during the months of December, January, February and March (when "going" was at its worst). Bezaleel Tyler had presently removed from this locality to Sharon, Conn. (where he died), which henceforth forever should know not him or his descendants; but Peter Tyler's name is found on the list of eighteen original church members of Northford.

In 1763 the Episcopal Church Society was organized, wherein Paul Tyler (son of Peter, Jr.,) heads the list of nine original members.

Northford wears an air of refinement, is "well kept up" and inviting; even has macadam pavement—this last very unusual thrift at this date in a purely rural village. Its intellectual and church tone is marked; it has sent forth many educated men (mostly graduates of Yale), among them being Dr. David

Atwater Tyler, of New Haven, and Rev. Lemuel Tyler, the latter for long years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Preston, Conn., where he died, 1810, leaving quite a family, among them being Dr. Lucius Tyler, whose only surviving son, Lemuel Tyler, a gentleman past seventy, resides at Jewett City, Conn.

Northford's old burying ground is the most interesting Tyler place of sepulture in this part of Connecticut, two-score kindred monuments being easily legible. We note but one: "Here lyes ye body of Mr. Peter Tyler, died July ye 12th, 1744, aged 71 years." (N. B.—This is more than five years older than the oldest Tyler stone in Branford.)

Three other Peter Tylers (son, grandson and great-grandson of Peter, Jr.,) all lie near by, the last having died in 1842, an *old bachelor* of seventy-five. (The pity of it! In several distinguished lines your Historian has noted the actual extinction—or threatening extinction—of whole lines, just through the perverse wilfulness of "old bachelors." Impose a "tax," brother legislator, and make it "steep.")

WALLINGFORD.

This town has now but little of antiquarian interest to offer the Tyler visitor. The probate records are of much assistance. The burying ground has but few Tyler stones, and they of modern date. The old mill (chronologically the first in town) where Tylers for generations ran grist is long since burned, while the newer structure (for changed uses) has nothing suggestive of its prototype. Even "Tyler's Mills" has become Yalesville.

"Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise."

THE EXPENSE of publishing the projected three volumes of TYLER FAMILY HISTORY (aside from years of arduous and gratuitous labor) involves thousands of dollars.

It is hoped that a sufficient subscription may be volunteered to largely meet these disbursements.

The volumes will be copyrighted but not stereotyped. When the limited edition to be printed is sold, it will be impossible to furnish further copies.

The only safe way of resting assured you will have a copy of TYLER FAMILY HISTORY, and at the very reasonable prices now offered, is to order in advance of the work being sent to press.

...THE...

THIRD MEETING

OF THE

TYLER FAMILY ASSOCIATION

WILL BE HELD AT

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

(IN TREMONT TEMPLE, "LORIMER" AND "GILBERT" HALLS)

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1898.

Yourself and Tyler friends are cordially invited.